182nd O. S. Bn., C. E. F.

CAMP-FIRE CHORUSES

THE SOLDIERS' SONG BOOK

D. G.

Compiled by

JAS. EDMUND JONES, B.A.

TORONTO, CANADA

WHITBY, ONT.

Price, 15c. a copy

HUMPHREY MILFORD

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1887

James Edmund Jones,
Chairman

John D. Spence,
Secretary

Camp-Fire Choruses

SONGS OLD AND NEW
THAT EVERYONE CAN SING

Compiled by
JAS. EDMUND JONES, B.A.
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HUMPHREY MILFORD
Oxford University Press
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To my Comrades of
Aura Lee Club

with whom since 1887 I have
enjoyed many a chorus around
the Camp-fire and elsewhere
"when good fellows get together."

Copyright, Canada, 1916
by James Edmund Jones

PREFACE

In the making of this collection two rules have been followed:—

(1) No song has been included that cannot be sung by persons of ordinary musical ability.

(2) The songs have been selected for "all sorts and conditions of men," so that young, middle-aged and old, the serious minded, the frivolous, old-timers, up-to-daters, all may find something to their liking.

The book, therefore, is not for soloists, but is for chorus recreation in camp, (in war and in peace), at banquets, at lodge, in class rooms, on the march, in canoe,—wherever good fellowship breaks forth in song. The selection is inclusive, not exclusive.

The arrangement is alphabetical in three parts. In the first are mostly old favorites, in the second, more recent productions, and in the third, standard hymns.

It is hoped that the book in its scope and arrangement will be found to be something new and practical. As to tunes the reader is referred to page 6. Some well-known songs have been omitted owing to refusal by copyright owners to permit the printing of the words.

EXPLANATION

Until a music edition of this book is issued. the following references will assist in locating tunes. See letters at end of songs.

A.—University of Toronto Song Book, 1887, W. R. Draper & Co., Pearl Street, Toronto, Canada. $1.00.

B.—Heart Songs, World Syndicate Co., 110 West 40th St., New York.

C.—Scottish Students' Song Book, Bayley & Ferguson, 2 Great Marlborough St., London. $1.00.

D.—In Fane and Forest (Jas. Edmund Jones), Oxford University Press, Toronto, Canada. 50 cents.

E.—Columbia Collection, Walter Jacobs, Boston. 120 songs. 50 cents.

F.—Songs of By-gone Days, John Church Co. 63 songs. 50 cents.

G.—100 Best Songs, Bayley & Ferguson, 2 Great Marlborough St., London. 50 cents.

H.—New Songs of the University of Toronto, 1897, Whaley, Royce & Co., Toronto. 75 cents.

I.—Queen's University Song Book, 1903, Whaley, Royce & Co., Toronto. 75 cents.

J.—The World's Largest Song Folio, A. Cox & Co., Toronto. 50 cents.

The above include same songs as "Camp-Fire Choruses" as follows: A., 85; B., 90; C., 63; D., 16; E., 31; F., 45; G., 24; H., 18; I., 32; J., 52.

CAMP-FIRE CHORUSES

COMPILED BY

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1. A BOY'S BEST FRIEND IS HIS MOTHER.

Words by H. MILLER; *Music by* J. P. SKELLY.

1 While plodding on our way the toilsome road of life,
How few the friends that daily there we meet;
Not many will stand by in trouble and in strife
With counsel and affection ever sweet.
But there is one whose smile will ever on us beam,
Whose love is dearer far than any other,
And wherever we may turn, this lesson we will learn;
A boy's best friend is his mother.

CHORUS.

Then cherish her with care and smooth her silv'ry hair;
When gone you will never get another;
And wherever we may turn, this lesson we will learn:
A boy's best friend is his mother.

2 Though all the world may frown and every friend depart,
She never will forsake us in our need;
Our refuge evermore is still within her heart,
For us her loving sympathy will plead.
Her pure and gentle smile for ever cheers our way,
'Tis sweeter and 'tis purer than all other;
And when she goes from earth away, we'll find out while we stray,
A boy's best friend is his mother.

3 Her fond and gentle face not long may greet us here,
Then cheer her with our kindness and our love;
Remember at her knee in childhood bright and dear
We heard her voice like angel's from above.
Tho' after years may bring their gladness or their woe,
Her love is sweeter far than any other;
And our longing heart will learn wherever we may turn,
A boy's best friend is his mother.

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2. A HOME BY THE SEA.

Words and Music by E. A. HOSMER.

1 Oh, give me a home by the sea,
Where wild waves are crested with foam,
Where shrill winds are carolling free,
As o'er the blue waters they come.
For I'd list to the ocean's loud roar,
And joy in its stormiest glee,
Nor ask in this wide world for more
Than a home by the deep heaving sea.

CHORUS.

A home, a home, a home by the deep heaving sea.
A home, a home, a home by the deep heaving sea.

2 At morn, when the sun from the east
Comes mantled in crimson and gold,
Whose hues on the billows are cast,
Which sparkle with splendour untold.
Oh, then by the shore would I stray,
And roam as the halcyon free,
From envy and care far away
At my home by the deep heaving sea.

3 At eve, when the moon in her pride
Rides queen of the soft summer night,
And gleams on the murmuring tide,
With floods of her silvery light.
Oh, earth has no beauty so rare,
No place that is dearer to me,
Then give me, so free and so fair,
A home by the deep heaving sea.

Tune A. (*See explanation on page* 6.)

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3. A LA CLAIRE FONTAINE.

French-Canadian.

1 A la claire fontaine,
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle,
Que je m'y suis baigné.

CHORUS.

Lui y a longtemps que je t'aime,
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

2 J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle,
Que je m'y suis baigné,
Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher.

3 Sous les feuilles d'un chêne,
Je me suis fait sécher,
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.

4 Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait,
Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai.

5 Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le coeur gai;
Tu as le coeur à rire,
Moi, je l'ai-t-à pleurer.

6 Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi, je l'ai-t-à pleurer,
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
Sans l'avoir mérité.

7 J'ai perdu ma maîtresse,
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai.

8 Pour un bouquet de roses,
Que je lui refusai,
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier.

9 Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier,
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêmes amitiés.

Tune—A., I.

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4. ALOUETTE.

French-Canadian.

1 Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette je te plumerai,
Je te plumerai la tête, je te plumerai la tête, et la tête, et la tête.

CHORUS.

Oh! Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai,
Alouette, gentille Alouette,
Alouette, je te plumerai.

2 Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette, je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai le bec, je te plumerai le bec,
Et le bec, et le bec, et la tête, et la tête—Oh, &c.

3 Alouette, gentille Alouette, Alouette,
je te plumerai.
Je te plumerai le nez, je te plumerai
le nez,
Et le nez, et le nez, et le bec, et
le bec,
Et la tête, et la tête—Oh, &c.

4th st, *add* le dos; 5th st, *add* les [illegible]; 6th st., *add* le cou; and so on [illegible]. and *ad infinitum*.

ALOUETTE—SKYLARK.

English words by LOUIS C. ELSON.

Pretty skylark, winging, singing
skylark,
Pretty skylark, I shall pluck thee
now.
I begin to pluck the head, etc.
Now the head, pretty skylark.
Tune—A., I.

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5. ANNIE LAURIE.

Music by LADY SCOTT.

1 Maxwellton's braes are bonnie,
Where early falls the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true.
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doon and dee.

2 Her brow is like the snawdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.
That e'er the sun shone on.
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.

3 Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fall of her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet;
And she's all the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie,
I'd lay me doon and dee.
Tune—B., E., F., G., I., J.

6. A-ROVING.

1 At number three Old England
Square,
Mark well what I do say;
At number three Old England
Square,
My Nancy Dawson she lived there,
And I'll go no more a-roving
with you, fair maid.

CHORUS.

**A-roving, a-roving, since roving's
been my ru-i-n,
I'll go no more a-roving with you,
fair maid.**

2 My Nancy Dawson she lived there,
Mark well what I do say;
She was a lass surpassing fair,
She'd bright blue eyes and golden
hair;
And I'll go no more a-roving
with you, fair maid.

3 I met her first when home from sea,
Mark well what I do say;
Home from the coast of Afrikee,
With pockets lined with good monie;
And I'll go no more a-roving
with you, fair maid.

4 Oh, didn't I tell her stories true,
Mark well what I do say;
And didn't I tell her whoppers too,
Of the gold we found in Timbuctoo;
And I'll go no more a-roving
with you, fair maid.

5 But when we'd spent my blooming
'screw,'
Mark well what I do say;
And the whole of the gold from
Timbuctoo,
She cut her stick and vanished too;
And I'll go no more a-roving
with you, fair maid.
Tune—A., C.

7. AULD LANG SYNE.

ROBERT BURNS.

1 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' auld lang syne?

CHORUS.

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

2 We twa ha'e run aboot the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine:
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.

3 We twa ha'e paidl't i' the burn
Frae mornin' sun till dine;
But seas between us braid ha'e roared,
Sin' auld lang syne.

4 Then here's a hand, my trusty frien',
And gie's a hand o' thine,
And we'll tak' a cup of kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

Tune—A., B., C., E., F., G., I., J.

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8. AURA LEE.

Words version by W. J. HEALY, 1887.

1 As the blackbird in the spring,
'Neath the willow tree,
Sat and piped I heard him sing,
Singing Aura Lee.

CHORUS.

Aura Lee, Aura Lee;
Maid of golden hair,
Sunshine came along with thee,
And swallows in the air.

2 On her cheek the rose was born,
And her soft blue eyes,
Like the dewy flowers of morn,
Shone with glad surprise.

3 Like a sunlit rippling brook
Was her laughing voice;
From her eyes one golden look
Made the world rejoice.

Tune—A., B.

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9. AWAY, AWAY, AWAY.

Words by B. MORTON JONES; *Music arranged by* JAS. EDMUND JO[illegible] *from* DE BERIOT.

1 Airily float we with gentle swing,
Out o'er the waters our voices ring,
Joyfully, sweetly, we sing, we sing,
Away—Away—Away.

CHORUS.

Away, away, o'er the waters clear,
Away, away, away,
Where the moonlight streams in radiant beams,
Glimmering far and near.

2 Out o'er the waters with dipping blade,
By thoughts of the morrow undismayed,
Sorrow and sadness aside are laid
Away—Away—Away.

3 Ripples of laughter our pleasure tell,
'Tis sweeter than rambling by wood and dell,
Gaily to ride over the heaving swell,
Away—Away—Away.

Tune—A., D.

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10. BEAUTIFUL ISLE OF THE S[illegible]

Words by GEO. COOPER; *Music by* J. R. THOMAS.

1 Beautiful Isle of the Sea!
Smile on the face of the waters!
Dear are your mem'ries to me,
Sweet as the songs of your daughters.
Over your mountains and vales
Down by each murmuring river,
Cheered by the flower-loving gales,
Oh! could I wander for ever!

CHORUS.

Land of the True and the Old,
Home ever dear unto me,
Fountain of pleasures untold,
Beautiful Isle of the Sea.

2 Oft on your shell-girdled shore
Evening has found me reclining,
Visions of youth dreaming o'er,
Down where the lighthouse was shining.
Far from the gladness you gave,
Far from all joys worth possessing,
Still o'er the lone, weary wave
Comes to the wand'rer your blessing.

Tune—B., G.

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11. BELIEVE ME IF ALL THOSE ENDEARING YOUNG CHARMS.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

1 Believe me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy gifts fading away;
Thou would'st still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will;
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

2 It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear.
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close;
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

Tune—B., E., F., J.

12. BELLE MAHONE.

J. H. MCNAUGHTON.

1 Soon beyond the harbor bar
Shall my bark be sailing far,
O'er the world I wander lone,
Sweet Belle Mahone.
O'er thy grave I weep good-bye.
Hear, O hear my lonely cry!
O without thee what am I,
Sweet Belle Mahone?

CHORUS.

Sweet Belle Mahone!
Sweet Belle Mahone!
Wait for me at Heaven's gate,
Sweet Belle Mahone!

2 Lonely, like a withered tree,
What is all the world to me?
Life and light were all in thee,
Sweet Belle Mahone.
Daisies pale are growing o'er
All my heart can e'er adore,
Shall I meet thee nevermore,
Sweet Belle Mahone?

3 Calmly, sweetly slumber on,
(Only one I call my own!)
While in tears I wander lone,
Sweet Belle Mahone!
Faded now seems ev'rything,
But when comes eternal spring,
With thee I'll be wandering,
Sweet Belle Mahone.

Tune—B., J.

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13. BEN BACKSTAY.

OLD ENGLISH.

1 Ben Backstay was a bos'n,
He was a jolly boy,
And none as he so merrily
Could pipe all hands ahoy.
(*Three times*)

CHORUS.

With a chip, chop, cherry chop,
Fol de rol, riddle rop!
Chip, chop, cherry chop!
Fol de rol ray!
(*Twice*)

2 Once sailing with a captain
Who was a jolly dog,
Our Ben and all his messmates got
A double share of grog.

3 So Benny he got tipsy,
Quite to his heart's content,
And leaning o'er the starboard side,
Right overboard he went.

4 A shark was on the starboard side,
And sharks no man can stand,
For they do gobble up everything,
Just like the sharks on land.

5 They threw him out some tackling,
To give his life a hope;
But as the shark bit off his head,
He couldn't see the rope.

6 At twelve o'clock his ghost appeared
Upon the quarter-deck;
"Ho! pipe all hands ahoy," it cried,
"From me a warning take.

7 "Through drinking grog I lost my life;
The same fate you may meet;
So never mix your grog too strong,
But always take it *neat*."

Tune—C. G. I.

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14. BEN BOLT.

Words by THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH; *Music by* NELSON KNEASS.

1 Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old church-yard, in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And sweet Alice lies under the stone.

2 Under the hick'ry tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the [illegible],
Together we've lain in the noo[illegible] shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.
The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet that crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.
(*Repeat last two lines*).

3 Do you mind the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the button-ball tree, with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the door-step stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved,
Grow grass and the golden grain.
(*Repeat last two lines*).

4 And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and [illegible],
And the shaded nook by the ru[illegible] brook,
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were school-mates then,
There are only you and I.
(*Repeat last two lines.*)

Tune—B., E., F., I., J.

15. BONNIE DOON.

Words by ROBERT BURNS, 1791; *Air*, *"The Caledonian Hunt's Delight."*

1 Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' of care?
[redacted]'ll break my heart, ye warbling birds,
That wanton through the flow'ry thorn;
Ye mind me o' departed joys,
Departed, never to return.

2 Oft ha'e I roved by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I of mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
But my fause lover stole the rose,
And, ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

Tune—A., B., E., F., J.

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16. BONNIE DUNDEE.

Words by SIR WALTER SCOTT.

1 To the Lords of Convention, 'twas Claverhouse spoke;
"Ere the King's crown go down there are crowns to be broke;
Then each cavalier who loves honor and me,
Let him follow the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

[redacted]

CHORUS.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle my horses, and call out my men;
Unhook the west port, and let us gae free,
For it's up wi' the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee

2 Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells they ring backward, the drums they are beat,
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let it be,
For the toun is weel rid o' that de'il o' Dundee."

3 There are hills beyond Pentland, an' lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords i' the south there are chiefs i' the north;
There are brave dunniewassals three thousand times three,
Will cry "Hey for the bonnets o' Bonnie Dundee."

4 Then awa' to the hills, to the lea, to the rocks,
Ere I own a usurper I'll crouch wi' the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst o' your glee,
Ye hae nae seen the last o' my bonnets an' me.

Tune—B., F., J.

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17. BONNIE LADDIE, HIELAND LADDIE.

Air, *"Cockle Shells,"* 1657.

1 Where ha'e ye been a' the day,
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie?
Saw ye him that's far away,
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie?
On his head a bonnet blue,
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie,
Tartan plaid and Hieland trews,
Bonnie laddie, Hieland laddie?

2 When he drew his gude braid sword,
Then he gave his royal word,
That frae the field he ne'er would flee,
And wi' his friend would live or dee.

3 Weary fa' the Lawland loon
Wha took frae him the British crown!
But blessings on the kilted clans,
That fought for him at Preston Pans.

Tune—J.

18. BONNIE SWEET BESSIE, THE MAID OF DUNDEE.

Words by BELLA ROOT; *Music by* J. L. GILBERT.

1 A Highland laddie there lived o'er the way,
A laddie both noble and gallant and gay,
Who loved a lassie as noble as he,
A bonnie sweet lassie, the maid o' Dundee.
This lassie had lands, but the laddie had nane,
And yet to her it was all the same,
For dearly she loved him, and said she knew,
This laddie, dear laddie, was gude and true.

2 Ere years or even months had fled,
This lassie and laddie were happily wed.
Nae better wifey e'er lived on the lea
Than bonnie sweet Bessie, the maid o' Dundee.
A happier hame nae mon ever had
Than this which held two hearts so glad;
And ne'er did Bessie have cause to rue
Her wedding this laddie sae gude and true.

Tune—J.

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19. BRIDGET DONAHUE.

Music by A. S. JOSSELYN.

1 It was in the County Kerry,
A little way from Clare,
Where the boys and girls are merry
At a patron race or fair;
The town is called Kellorglin,
A purty place to view,
But what makes it interesting
Is my Bridget Donahue!

CHORUS.

Oh, Bridget Donahue!
I really do love you
Although I'm in America,
To you I will be true;
Then Bridget Donahue,
I'll tell you what I'll do,
Just take the name of Patte[illegible]
And I'll take Donahue!

2 Her father is a farmer
And a dacent man is he;
He's liked by all the people
From Kellorglin to Tralee;
And Bridget on a Sunday,
When coming home from mass,
She's admired by all the people,
Sure they wait to see her pass.

3 I sent her home a picture,
I did upon my word;
Not a picture of myself,
But the picture of a bird;
It was the American eagle,
And I says, "Miss Donahue,
Our eagle's wings are large enough
To shelter me and you!"

Tune—A.

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20. BRITANNIA, THE PRIDE OF THE OCEAN.

Music by HENRY RUSSELL.

1 Britannia, the pride of the ocean,
The home of the brave and the free,
The shrine of the sailor's devotion,
There's none can compare unto thee.
Thy mandates make heroes assemble
With the garlands of glory in view;
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.
When borne by the Red, White and Blue,

When borne by the Red, White and Blue,
Thy banners make tyranny tremble,
When borne by the Red, White and Blue.

2 When war spread its wide desolation,
And threaten'd our land to deform,
The ark then of Freedom's foundation,
Britannia, rode safe thro' the storm.
With her laurels of victory round her,
When so nobly she bore her brave crew,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue;
The boast of the Red, White and Blue,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue,
With her flag floating proudly before her,
The boast of the Red, White and Blue.

3 A cup of good wine then bring hither,
And fill it right full to the brim;
May the glory of Nelson ne'er wither.
Nor the star of our nation grow dim.
May the Service united ne'er sever,
And both to their colors prove true:
The Army and Navy forever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue.
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!
The Army and Navy forever!
Three cheers for the Red, White and Blue!

Tune—B., C., E., J.

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21. CAMPTOWN RACES.

S. C. Foster.

1 De Camptown ladies sing dis song,
(*Cho.*) Doo-dah, doo-dah,
De Camptown race track five miles long,
(*Cho.*) Oh! doo-dah day.

I came down dar wid my hat cav'd in,
(*Cho.*) Doo-dah, doo-dah,
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin,
(*Cho.*) Oh! doo-dah day.

Chorus.

Gwine to run all night,
Gwine to run all day,
I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag,
Somebody bet on de bay.
(*Repeat*)

2 De long-tailed filly, and de big black hoss,
Dey fly the track and they both cut across.
De blind hoss stickin' in a big mud-hole,
Can't touch de bottom wid a ten-feet pole.

3 Old muley cow came on to de track,
De bob-tail fling her over his back,
Den fly along like a railroad car,
And run a race wid a shootin' star.

4 See dem flyin' on a ten-mile heat,
Round de racetrack, den repeat;
I win my money on de bob-tail nag,
I keep my money in an old tow bag.

Tune—B., C., I.

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22. CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

Words by Thomas Moore.

1 Faintly as tolls the ev'ning chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time (*Twice*)
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past. (*Twice*)

2 Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl. (*Twice*)
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh, sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past. (*Twice*)

3 Utawa's tide, this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon. (*Twice*)
Saint of this green isle, hear our prayer,
Grant us cool heav'ns and fav'ring air.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near and the daylight's past. (*Twice*)

Tune—A., B.

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23. CARRY ME BACK TO TENNESSEE, OR ELLIE RHEE.

Music by SEP. WINNER.

1 Sweet Ellie Rhee, so dear to me,
Is lost forever more;
Our home was down in Tennessee
Before dis cruel war.

CHORUS.

Then carry me back to Tennessee,
Back where I long to be,
Among de fields of yellow corn;
To my darling Ellie Rhee.

2 Oh, why did I from day to day,
Keep wishing to be free,
And from my massa run away,
And leave my Ellie Rhee?

3 They said that I would soon be free,
And happy all de day,
But if dey take me back again
I'll neber run away.

4 The war is over now at last,
De colored race am free.
Dat good time comin' on so fast,
I'se waitin' for to see.

Tune—C.

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24. CHARLIE IS MY DARLING.

1 Oh, Charlie is my darling, my [illegible]
ling, my darling,
Oh, Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier.
'Twas on a Monday morning right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our town, the young Chevalier

CHORUS.

Oh, Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
Oh, Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier.

2 As he cam' marchin' up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk cam' rinnin' out
To meet the Chevalier.

3 Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They cam' to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.

4 They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's Lord,
The young Chevalier.

5 Oh, there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear,
And mony were the prayers put up
For the young Chevalier.

Tune—H.

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25. CHINESE SONG.

1 Me gettee married, have a pretty wifee,
Have a piggy tailee, hang it downee back,

'Long comee Mellican man, pullee piggy tailee,
Pullee piggy tailee, till the face glow black.

CHORUS.

Me likee bow-wow, she likee chow-chow,
Me likee lillie gal, she likee me;
Long comee Mellican man, pullee piggy tailee,
Pullee piggy tailee on the bold Chinee.

2 Me singee songee, getee fivee centee,
Takee fivee centee, put him right away.
'Long comee Mellican man, takee fivee centee,
Turnee right round and say, "Hey, what d'ye say?"

Tune—A.

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26. COME BACK TO ERIN.

CLARIBEL.

1 Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back, Aroon, to the land of thy birth,
Come with the shamrocks and spring time, Mavourneen,
And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.
Sure when we lent ye to beautiful England,
Little we thought of the lone winter days;
Little we thought of the hush of the star-shine,
Over the mountain, the bluffs and the braes.

CHORUS.

Then come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Come back again to the land of thy birth;
Come back to Erin, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
And it's Killarney shall ring with our mirth.

2 Over the green sea, Mavourneen, Mavourneen,
Long shone the white sail that bore thee away,
Riding the white waves that fair summer mornin',
Just like a mayflower afloat on the bay.
Oh, but my heart sank when clouds came between us,
Like a grey curtain the rain falling down,
Hid from my sad eyes the path o'er the ocean,
Far, far away where my colleen had flown.

3 Oh, may the angels, while wakin' and sleepin',
Watch o'er my bird in the land far away,
And it's my prayers will consign to their keepin'
Care of my jewel by night and by day.
When by the fireside I watch the bright embers,
Then all my heart flies to England and thee,
Cravin' to know if my darlin' remembers,
Or if her thoughts may be crossin' to me.

Tune—B., F., J.

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27. COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

Words by ROBERT BURNS; *Air, "The Miller's Daughter."*

1 Gin a body meet a body Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body kiss a body, Need a body cry?

CHORUS.

Ilka lassie has her laddie,
Nane, they say, ha'e I;
Yet a' the lads they smile on me,
When comin' thro' the rye.

2 Gin a body meet a body Comin' frae the well,
Gin a body kiss a body, Need a body tell?

3 Gin a body meet a body Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body greet a body, Need a body frown?

4 Amang the train there is a swain, I dearly love mysel',
But what's his name, or where's his hame, I dinna choose to tell.

Tune—B., E., F., G., J.

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28. DARLING NELLY GRAY.

B. R. HANBY.

1 There's a lone green valley on the old Kentucky shore,
Where I've whiled many happy hours away;
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door,
Where lived my darling Nelly Gray.

FIRST AND SECOND CHORUS.

Oh, my poor Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more;
I'm sitting by the river and I'm weeping all the day,
For you've gone from the old Kentucky shore.

2 When the moon had climbed the mountain, and the stars were shining too,
Then I'd take my darling Nelly Gray,
And we'd float down the river in my little red canoe,
While my banjo so sweetly I would play.

3 Oh, my eyes are getting blinded, and I cannot see my way,
Hark! there's somebody knocking at the door;
Oh, I hear the angels calling, and I see my Nelly Gray,
Farewell to my old Kentucky shore.

THIRD CHORUS.

Oh, my darling Nelly Gray, up in heaven there, they say,
That they'll never take you from me any more;
I'm a-coming, coming, coming, as the angels clear the way,
Farewell to the old Kentucky shore.

Tune—B., E., J.

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29. DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.

1 'Way down in the meadow where the lily first blows,
Where the wind from the mountains ne'er ruffles the rose,
Lives fond Evelina, the sweet little dove,
The pride of the valley, the girl that I love.

CHORUS.

Dear Evelina, sweet Evelina,
My love for thee shall never, never die. (*Twice*)

2 She's fair as a rose, like a lamb she is meek,
And she never was known to put paint on her cheek;
In the most graceful curls hangs her raven black hair,
And she never requires perfumery there.

3 Evelina and I, one fine evening in June
Took a walk all alone by the light of the moon;
The planets all shone, for the heavens were clear,
And I felt round the heart most tremendously queer.

Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar,
Evelina still lives in that green, grassy holler.
Although I am fated to marry her never,
I've sworn that I'll love her for ever and ever.

Tune—A., B., C.

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30. DEAR LITTLE SHAMROCK.

Words by CHERRY; *Music by* W. JACKSON.

1 There's a dear little plant that grows in our Isle,
'Twas Saint Patrick himself sure that set it,
And the sun on his labor with pleasure did smile,
And with dew from his eye often wet it.
It shines thro' the bog, thro' the brake, thro' the mire-land,
And he called it the dear little Shamrock of Ireland.

CHORUS.

The dear little shamrock, the sweet little shamrock,
The dear little, sweet little shamrock of Ireland.
The dear little shamrock, the sweet little shamrock,
The dear little, sweet little shamrock of Ireland.

2 That dear little plant still grows in our land,
Fresh and fair as the daughters of Erin,
Whose smiles can bewitch and whose eyes can command,
In each climate they ever appear in.
For they shine thro' the bog, thro' the brake and the mire-land,
Just like their own dear little shamrock of Ireland.

3 That dear little plant that springs from our soil,
When its three little leaves are extended,
Denotes from the stalk we together must toil,
And ourselves by ourselves be befriended;
And still thro' the bog, through the brake and the mire-land,
From one root should branch, like the shamrock of Ireland.

Tune—J.

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31. DEAREST MAE.

Words by FRANCIS LYNCH; *Music by* L. H. V. CROSBY.

1 Now, darkeys, listen to me,
A story I'll relate,
It happen'd in a valley
Of de old Car'lina State;
Away down in de meadows,
'Twas dere I mow'd de hay;
And I always work de harder
When I tink ob dearest Mae.

CHORUS.

Oh! dearest Mae, you're lubly as de day!
Your eyes so bright dey shine at night,
When de moon am gwan away.

2 My massa gib me a holiday,
He said he'd gib me more,
I tank him very kindly,
And I push'd my boat from shore;
As down de ribber I glide along,
Wid a heart so light and free,
To de cottage ob my dearest Mae,
I lub'd so much to see.

3 Beneath de shady old oak-tree,
We sat for many hours,
As happy as de humming bird
Dat flies among de flow'rs;
Oh! dere's de spot where's dearest Mae,
She always looks so sweet,
Her eyes dey sparkle like de stars,
And her lips as red as beet.

Tune—B., F.

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32. DIXIE.

DAN EMMET, 1859.

1 I wish I was in de land ob cotton,
Old times dar am not forgotten,
(CHO.) Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.
In Dixie Land whar I was born in,
Early on one frosty mornin',
(CHO.) Look away! Look away! Look away! Dixie Land.

CHORUS.

Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie Land I'll take my stand,
To lib and die in Dixie, Away, Away,
Away down south in Dixie, Away, Away,
Away down south in Dixie.

2 Old Missus marry "Will de Weaber,"
Willium was a gay deceaber;
But when he put his arm around 'er,
He smiled as fierce as a forty-pounder.

3 His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
Old Missus acted de foolish part,
And died for a man dat broke her heart.

4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
An' all de gals dat want to kiss us;
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow.

5 Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Injun batter,
Makes you fat or a little fatter;
Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's Land I'm bound to trabble.

Tune—B., E., F., J.

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33. DRINK TO ME ONLY.

Words by BEN JONSON.

1 Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine:
Or leave a kiss within the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Love's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

2 I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much hon'ring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

Tune—A., B., C., I., J.

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34. DRINKING.

Words by EDWARD OXENFORD.

1 In cellar cool at ease I sit,
Upon a barrel resting;
In merry mood I loudly call,
The finest wine requesting.
The cellar-man the beaker fills,
My lips I soon am linking,
And deep and long the luscious draught,
I'm drinking, drinking, drinking.

2 That demon thirst is quite a plague,
But so that I may scare him,
Again I raise the beaker high,
And, boldly quaffing, dare him.

The world seems clothed in rosy tints,
Its clouds to naught are shrinking;
I feel a friend to every man,
While drinking, drinking, drinking.

3 But still I find the more I drink
The more my thirst increases;
In fact, a toper's lot is this—
His craving seldom ceases.
Yet, never mind, the day is long,
And till the sun is sinking,
My duty to good wine I'll do,
By drinking, drinking, drinking.

Tune—B., C., I., J.

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35. EN ROULANT MA BOULE.

1 En roulant ma boule, roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

2 Derrièr' chez nous ya t-un étang,
En roulant ma boule.
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.

CHORUS.

En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

3 Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent.

4 Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
O fils du roi, tu est méchant.

5 D'avoir tué mon canard blanc
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang.

6 Par les yeux lui sort 'nt des diamants
Par le bec l'or et l'argent.

7 Toutes ses plumes s'en vont au vent,
Trois dam's s'en vont ramassant.

8 C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
Pour y coucher tous les passants.

The French-Canadians give the song twice as many verses by joining the last line of each verse with the first line of the next verse, as in A la claire fontaine (No. 3).

Tune—A., I.

36. ENE MENE MINE MO

1 Ene mene mine mo,
Carpe nigrum digito,
Si exclamat, solveto,
Ene mene mine mo.

2 Ene mene mine mo,
Catch a nigger by the toe,
If he hollers let him go,
Ene mene mine mo.

Tune—A.

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37. EVERYBODY WORKS BUT FATHER.

1 Every morning at six o'clock I go to my work,
Overcoat buttoned up 'round my neck no job would I shirk,
Winter wind blows 'round my head cutting up my face,
I tell you what, I'd like to have my dear old father's place.

CHORUS.

Everybody works but father, and he sits around all day,
Feet in front of the fire, smoking his pipe of clay;
Mother takes in washing, so does Sister Ann,
Everybody works at our house but my old man.

2 A man named Work moved into town, and father heard the news,
With Work so near, my father started shaking in his shoes;
When Mister Work walked by my house he saw with great surprise,
My father sitting in his chair with blinders on his eyes.

3 At beating carpets father said he simply was immense;
We took the parlor carpet out and hung it on the fence.

My mother said: "Now beat it, dear, with all your might and main";
And father beat it right back to the fireside again.

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38. FAST AND FAR: A CANOEING SONG.

Words by JOHN D. SPENCE; *Music by* JAS. EDMUND JONES.

1 Far over the deep now our light paddles are plying,
Swift by the green hills where the lone shadows are lying;
Hark! how with hoarse clamour the wild lake fowl are flying
Over the glint and the gleam of the waters and far away!

CHORUS.

Fast and far, fast and far,
Swift the deep stroke of the paddle is sending us,
Fast and far, fast and far,
Over the glint and the gleam and far away!

2 See how from the brink flees the deer lightly upspringing.
Back from the deep woods now our light laughter is ringing;
Hark! how the soft echo from hill to hill is winging
Over the glint and the gleam of the waters and far away!

3 On, on, through the sunshine the long reaches revealing,
Till daylight is done and the lone night-hawks are wheeling,
Till in the soft moonlight our thoughts go homeward stealing,
Over the glint and the gleam of the waters and far away!

Tune—D. (Copyright).

39. FORSAKEN AM I.

Music by KOSCHAT.

1 Forsaken, forsaken, forsaken am I,
Like a stone by the roadside all men pass me by,
I go to a graveyard, no hope my heart cheers,
There sadly I kneel me, and shed bitter tears. (*Twice*)

2 A mound's in that churchyard, [illegible] buds o'er it break,
And there sleeps my darling, and will not awake.
Each day do I stay there to weep by the stone,
And bitterly feel there that on earth I'm alone. (*Twice*)

Tune—A., B.

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40. GAILY THE TROUBADOUR.

Words and Music by T. H. BAYLY.

1 Gaily the Troubadour touch'd his guitar,
When he was hastening home from the war:
Singing, "From Palestine, hither I come;
Ladye love! ladye love! welcome me home."

CHORUS.

(Repeat last two lines of each verse.)

2 She for the Troubadour hopelessly wept,
Sadly she thought of him when others slept:
Singing, "In search of thee, [illegible] I might roam!
Troubadour! Troubadour! come to thy home."

3 Hark! 'twas the Troubadour breathing her name,
Under the battlement softly he came:
Singing, "From Palestine, hither I come;
Ladye love! ladye love! welcome me home."

Tune—B.

41. GOD SAVE THE KING.

1 God save our gracious king,
Long live our noble king,
God save the king:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us:
God save the king.

2 Lord, our God, arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix;
God save us all.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the king.

4 Our loved Dominion bless
With peace and happiness
From shore to shore;
And let our Empire be
United, loyal, free,
True to herself and Thee
For evermore. Amen.

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42. GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES.

1 Good-night, ladies; good-night, ladies;
Good-night, ladies, we're going to leave you now.

CHORUS.

Merrily we roll along, roll along, roll along,
Merrily we roll along, o'er the deep blue sea.

2 Farewell, ladies; farewell, ladies;
Farewell, ladies, we're going to leave you now.

3 Sweet dreams, ladies; sweet dreams, ladies;
Sweet dreams, ladies, we're going to leave you now.

Tune—B., E., J.

43. HALLI! HALLO! OR, THE HUNTER'S LIFE.

Translation by JAS. EDMUND JONES.

1 Through wood and forest ranging,
I find a joy unchanging,
A huntsman bold am I. (*Twice*)
My heart is e'er delighted
To see the deer affrighted,
From out his covert fly. (*Twice*)

CHORUS.

Halli-hallo! Halli-hallo!
(*Repeat last line of each verse.*)
Halli-hallo! Halli-hallo!
(*Repeat last line of each verse.*)

2 My dog is good and trusty,
Our appetites are lusty;
A meal I soon prepare.
Upon the ground reclining,
From mossy table dining,
We eat our frugal fare.

3 I, though without a nickel,
My dainty palate tickle
With wine and good black bread.
My fragrant pipe burns brightly,
As, stepping forward lightly,
The flow'ry heath I tread.

4 Thus, in the fields abiding,
Or through the forest striding,
I pass the livelong day.
And, while my hours are fleeting,
Like seconds swift retreating,
I through the greenwood stray.

5 **And now the sun is sinking,**
Now stars through mists are blinking,
Thus one more day slips by.
So home again returning,
Where cheerful hearth is burning,
A jolly huntsman I.

Tune—A., C., D.

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44. HARD TIMES.

Words and Music by S. C. FOSTER.

1 Let us pause in life's pleasures,
And count its many tears,
While we all sup sorrow with the poor;

There's a song that will linger
Forever in our ears,
Oh! Hard Times come again no more.

CHORUS.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary:
Hard Times, Hard Times, come again no more;
Many days you have lingered around my cabin door,
Oh! Hard Times come again no more.

2 While we seek mirth and beauty,
And music light and gay,
There are frail forms fainting at the door;
Tho' their voices are silent,
Their pleading looks will say,
Oh! Hard Times come again no more.

3 There's a pale, drooping maiden
Who toils her life away,
With a worn heart whose better days are o'er;
Tho' her voice would be merry,
'Tis sighing all the day,
Oh! Hard Times come again no more.

4 'Tis a sigh that is wafted
Across the troubled wave,
'Tis a wail that is heard upon the shore;
'Tis a dirge that is murmured
Around the lowly grave,
Oh! Hard Times come again no more.

Tune—B., F.

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45. HEARTS OF OAK.

Words by DAVID GARRICK; *Music by* DR. BOYCE.

1 Come, cheer up, my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year;
To honor we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

CHORUS.

Hearts of oak are our ships,
Jolly tars are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

2 We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay;
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why we follow, and run them ashore,
And if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

3 They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes;
They frighten our women, our children and beaux,
But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

4 We'll still make them fear, and we'll still make them flee,
And drub them on shore as we've drubbed them at sea.
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, our king.

Tune—C., I.

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46. HEIGHO, HEIGHO.

1 As I was walking down the street,
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho!
A pretty girl I chanced to meet,
Heigho, heigho, heigho!

CHORUS.

Rigajig jig and away we go, away we go, away we go!
Rigajig jig and away we go, heigho, heigho, heigho!
Heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho, heigho!
Rigajig jig and away we go, heigho, heigho, heigho!

2 Said I to her, "What is your trade?"
Said she to me, "I'm a weaver's maid."

Tune—A., B.

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47. HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN.

Words from "School for Scandal."

1 Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,
Here's to the widow of fifty,
Here's to the flaunting, extravagant queen,
And here's to the house-wife that's thrifty!
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

CHORUS.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

2 Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
Now to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir!
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass:
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

3 Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass:
I warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.

Tune—A., C.

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48. HE'S A DAISY.

1 He's a daisy, he's a daisy,
He's a daisy just now.
Just now he's a daisy,
He's a daisy just now.

2 See him smiling, just now.

3 We are ditto, just now.

Tune—H.

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49. HE'S A GOOD OLD SOUL.

Tune—"Turkey in the Straw."

Old ———— is a good old soul,
(*Three times*)
Yes, he is! Oh, yes, he is!
He wouldn't let us dance, and he wouldn't let us sing,
And he wouldn't let us do a single thing,
But just the same he is a good old soul;
Yes, he is! Yes, he is!

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50. HOME, SWEET HOME.

Words by J. HOWARD PAYNE; *Music by* SIR H. R. BISHOP.

1 'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

CHORUS.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home, there's no place like home!

2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again.
The birds singing gaily that came at my call,
Give me them with the peace of mind dearer than all.

3 How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile.
Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home.

4 To thee I'll return overburdened with care,
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam—
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

Tune—B., E., F., G., I., J.

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51. I CANNOT HELP WINKING MY EYE.

Words and Music by G. W. E. FIELD.

1 Now winking with me is a practice
That almost amounts to a vice,
And to cure me of this wicked habit.
My mother tried every device.
But still I have kept on a-winking,
I'll wink, I'm afraid, till I die.
They tell me it's awfully vulgar,
But I cannot help winking my eye.

CHORUS.

Yes, I know that it's quite unbecoming,
And to cure the sad vice I shall try;
But at present I hope you'll excuse me,
For I cannot help winking my eye.

2 Now when I am told by a lady
That men are the bane of her life,
And that she prefers any bondage
To that of becoming a wife;
Of course I agree with her sentiments,
And make some becoming reply;
But I think if she looked at me closely,
She'd catch me a-winking my eye.

3 My teacher at school was a lady,
As fair as the flowers you see.
In talking to my elder brother,
She said no man's wife she would be.
Yet whene'er I was good at my lessons,
She'd lovingly pet me and sigh;
Then give me a dozen sweet kisses,
And I couldn't help winking my eye.

4 Now Betsy, the cook in our kitchen,
Is as buxom and fair as a rose;
She says that all men are a nuisance,
And that she could bite off their nose.
Yet, one day, when I dropped in the kitchen,
She was kissing a chap on the sly;
She might have been biting his nose off,
But I couldn't help winking my eye.

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52. I CANNOT SING THE OLD SONGS.

CLARIBEL.

1 I cannot sing the old songs
I sang long years ago,
For heart and voice would fail me,
And foolish tears would flow.
For by-gone hours come o'er my heart
With each familiar strain;
I cannot sing the old songs,
Or dream those dreams again.

CHORUS.

(Repeat last two lines of each verse.)

2 I cannot sing the old songs,
Their charm is sad and deep;
Their melodies would waken
Old sorrows from their sleep.
And though all unforgotten still,
And sadly sweet they be,
I cannot sing the old songs,
They are too dear to me.

3 I cannot sing the old songs,
For visions come again,
Of golden dreams departed,
And years of weary pain.
Perhaps when earthly fetters shall
Have set my spirit free,
My voice may know the old songs,
For all eternity.

Tune—B.

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53. I DREAMT THAT I DWELT IN MARBLE HALLS.

From BALFE'S *"Bohemian Girl."*

1 I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls,
With vassals and serfs at my side,
And of those assembled within those walls,
That I was the hope and the pride.
I had riches too great to count; could boast
Of a high ancestral name;

CHORUS.

But I also dreamt, what pleased me most,
That you loved me still the same,
That you loved me, you loved me still the same,
That you loved me, you loved me still the same.

2 I dreamt that suitors sought my hand,
That knights upon bended knee,
And with vows no maiden heart could withstand,
They pledged their faith to me.
And I dreamt that one of that noble host,
Came forth my hand to claim;

Tune—B., E., G.

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54. I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE.

C. A. WHITE.

1 I'se gwine back to Dixie, No more I'se gwine to wander,
My heart's turn'd back to Dixie, I can't stay here no longer,
I miss de old plantation, My home and my relation,
My heart's turned back to Dixie, and I must go.

CHORUS.

I'se gwine back to Dixie, I'se gwine back to Dixie,
I'se gwine where the orange blossoms grow,
For I hear the children calling, I see their sad tears falling,
My heart's turned back to Dixie, and I must go.

2 I've hoed in fields of cotton, I've worked upon the river,
I used to think if I got off I'd go back there no never.
But time has changed the old man, his head is bending low,
His heart's turned back to Dixie, and he must go.

3 I'm trav'lling back to Dixie, my step is slow and feeble,
I pray the Lord to help me, and lead me from all evil;
And should my strength forsake me, then, kind friends, come and take me,
My heart's turned back to Dixie, and I must go.

Tune—A., C., I., J.

55. ITALIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

All forward! all forward!
All forward to battle!
The trumpets are crying
All forward, all forward!
Our old flag is flying.
When liberty calls us we linger no longer.
Rebels, come on! Though a thousand to one!
Liberty, liberty, deathless and glorious,
Under thy banner thy sons are victorious.
Free souls are valiant, and strong arms are stronger,
God shall go with us, and battle be won.
Hurrah for the banner! hurrah for the banner!
Hurrah for the banner, the flag of the free.

Tune—B., F.

56. I'VE LOST MY DOGGY.

I've lost my doggy, who's seen my bow-wow?
Poor little doggy, bow-wow-wow-wow.

Tune—A. (*Twice*)

57. JINGLE BELLS.

1 Dashing thro' the snow, in a one-horse open sleigh,
O'er the fields we go laughing all the way;
Bells on bob-tail ring, making spirits bright,
What fun it is to ride, and sing a sleighing song to-night.

CHORUS.

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh. (Twice)

2 A day or two ago, I thought I'd take a ride,
And soon Miss Fanny Bright was seated by my side.
The horse was lean and lank, misfortune seemed his lot;
He got into a drifted bank, and we, we got up-sot.

3 Now the ground is white: go it while you're young;
Take the girls to-night, and sing this sleighing song.
Just get a bob-tailed bay, two-forty for his speed,
Then hitch him to an open sleigh, and crack! you'll take the lead.

Tune—A., B., C., J.

58. JOHN BROWN'S BODY.

1 John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
His soul is marching on!

CHORUS.

Glory, glory hallelujah! (*Three times*)
His soul is marching on!

2 The stars of heaven are looking kindly down, (*Three times*)
On the grave of old John Brown!

3 He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord, (*Three times*)
His soul is marching on!

Tune—B., C.

59. JOHN PEEL.

1 D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of the day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

CHORUS.

For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he ofttimes led;
Peel's view halloo would awaken the dead,
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

2 Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby, too;
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.

3 Then here's to John Peel, from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl.
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul,
If we want a good hunt in the morning.

4 D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
He liv'd at Troutbeck once on a day;
Now he has gone far, far, far away;
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.

Tune—C.

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60. JOHNNY SMOKER.

Johnny Smoker, Johnny Smoker, Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen.
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Drummel,
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein drummel.

2 Johnny Smoker, Johnny Smoker, Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen.
Ich kann spiel mein kleine Fifie.
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fifie:
Rub a dub a dub, das ist mein Drummel,
Mein rub a dub a dub,
Mein pilly willy wink das ist mein Fifie.

3 Johnny Smoker, Johnny Smoker,
Ich kann spielen, ich kann spielen,
Ich kann spiel mein klein Triangle,
Tic knock, knock, das ist Triangle,
Pilly willy wink, das ist mein Fifie;
Rub a dub a dub, dast ist mein Drummel,
Mein rub a dub a dub, mein pilly willy wink,
Mein tic knock, knock, das ist Triangle.

4 *Add,* Boom, boom, boom, das ist mein Trombone.

5 *Add,* Zoom, zoom, zoom, das ist mein Cymbal.

6 *Add,* Fal, lal, lal, das ist mein Viol.

7 *Add,* Whack, whack, whack, das ist mein Toodle-sach (*bagpipes*).

Tune—A.

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61. JUANITA.

HON. MRS. NORTON.

1 Soft o'er the fountain, Ling'ring falls the southern moon.
Far o'er the mountain, Breaks the day too soon.
In thy dark eyes' splendor, Where the warm light loves to dwell,
Weary looks, yet tender, Speak their fond farewell.

Nita, Juanita, Ask thy soul if we should part!
Nita, Juanita, Lean thou on my heart.

2 When in thy dreaming, Moons like these shall shine again.
And daylight beaming, Prove thy dreams are vain.
Wilt thou not, relenting, For thine absent lover sigh?
In my heart consenting To a prayer gone by.

Nita, Juanita, Let me linger by thy side;
Nita, Juanita, Be my own fair bride.
Tune—A., B., C., E., F., G., J.

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62. KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN.

F. N. CROUCH.

1 Kathleen Mavourneen! the grey dawn is breaking,
The horn of the hunter is heard on the hill;
The lark from her light wing the bright dew is shaking,
Kathleen Mavourneen! what, slumbering still?
Oh! hast thou forgotten how soon we must sever?
Oh, hast thou forgotten this day we must part?

CHORUS.

It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Oh! why art thou silent, thou voice of my heart?
It may be for years, and it may be forever,
Then why art thou silent, Kathleen Mavourneen?

2 Kathleen Mavourneen! awake from thy slumbers,
The blue mountains glow in the sun's golden light;
Ah! where is the spell that once hung on my numbers?
Arise in thy beauty, thou star of my night.
Mavourneen, Mavourneen, my sad tears are falling,
To think that from Erin and thee I must part.

Tune—B., E., F., G., J.

63. KEMO KIMO.

1 Away down south in Centre Street.
Sing song sitty won't you kimeo!
Dere's where de darkeys grow ten feet.
Sing song sitty won't you kimeo!

CHORUS.

Kemo kimo dar-o-wa, me-hi, me-ho,
Merum-si, pum-a-diddle,
Soup-back, pidde-winkum, nim-pum-nip-cat,
Sing song sitty won't you kimeo?

2 They go to bed, but it ain't no use.
For their legs hang out for a chicken roost.

3 Each darkey wakes up almost dead,
With a hundred weight of chickens on each leg.

4 The chickens go out to the barn,
The big ones crow and the little ones larn.

5 When each chick is pretty full,
He sticks his claw in the darkey's wool.

6 I looked behind the kitchen stairs.
I saw a caterpillar saying his prayers.

7 (*Slowly*) The horse and the sheep were going to pasture,
Says the horse to the sheep (*accel.*) "Won't you go a little faster?"

Tune—A., C.

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64. KILLARNEY.

M. W. BALFE.

1 By Killarney's lakes and fells.
Em'rald isles and winding bays,
Mountain paths and woodland dells,
Mem'ry ever fondly strays.
Bounteous nature loves all lands,
Beauty wanders everywhere,
Foot-prints leaves on many strands,
But her home is surely there.

CHORUS.

Angels fold their wings and rest,
In that Eden of the West,
Beauty's home, Killarney!
Ever fair, Killarney!

No place else can charm the eye,
With such bright and varied tints,
Every rock that you pass by,
Verdure broiders or beprints;
Virgin there the green grass grows,
Every morn spring's natal day;
Bright hued berries daff the snows,
Smiling winter's frown away.

3 Innisfallen's ruined shrine
May suggest a passing sigh,
But man's faith can ne'er decline
Such God's wonders floating by.
Castle Lough and Glena Bay,
Mountains Tore and Eagle's Nest,
Still at Mucross you must pray,
Though the monks are now at rest.

4 Music there for echo dwells,
Makes each sound a harmony;
Many-voiced the chorus swells,
Till it faints in ecstasy.
With the charmful tints below
Seems the heaven above to vie,
All rich colors that we know
Tinge the cloud-wreaths in that sky.

Tune—B., E., F., G., J.

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65. KINGDOM COMING.

Words and Music by HENRY C. WORK.

1 Say, darkeys, hab you seen de massa,
Wid de muffstash on his face,
Go long de road some time dis mornin',
Like he gwin to leab de place?
He seen a smoke way up de ribber,
Whar de Linkum gunboats lay;
He took his hat, an' lef' berry sudden.
An' I spec he's run away!

CHORUS.

De massa run, ha! ha!
De darkeys stay, ho! ho!
It mus' be now de kingdom comin',
An' de year of Jubilo!

2 He six foot one way, two foot tudder,
An' he weigh tree hundred pound;
His coat so big, he couldn't pay de tailor,
An' it won't go half way round.
He drill so much dey call him Cap'n,
An' he get so drefful tanned,
I spec' he try and fool dem Yankees
For to tink he's contraband!

Tune—A., B., C., I.

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66. LE BRIGADIER.

G. NADAUD.

1 Deux gendarmes, un beau dimanche,
Chevauchaient le long du sentier.
L'un portait la sardine blanche,
L'autre le jaune baudrier,
Le premier dit d'un ton sonore,
"Le temps est beau pour la saison."

CHORUS.

Prran, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan,
Pran, prran, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan, pan,
"Brigadier," répondit Pandore,
"Brigadier, vous avez raison."
"Brigadier," répondit Pandore,
"Brigadier, vous avez raison."

2 Ah! c'est un métier difficile,
Garantir la propriété,
Défendre les champs et la ville,
Du vol et de l'iniquité.
Pourtant l'épouse que j'adore,
Repose seule à la maison.

3 La gloire, c'est une couronne
Faite de rose et de laurier;
J'ai servi Vénus et Bellone,
Je suis époux, et brigadier;

Mais je poursuis ce météore
Qui vers Chalchos guida Jason;
"Brigadier," répondit Pandore,
"Brigadier, vous avez raison."

4 Phébus au bout de sa carrière
Put encore les apercevoir;
Le Brigadier de sa voix fière
Réveillait les échos du soir.
"Je vois," dit-il, "le soleil qui dore
Ces verts côteaus à l'horizon";
"Brigadier," répondit Pandore,
"Brigadier, vous avez raison."

5 Puis ils rêvèrent en silence;
On n'entendit plus que le pas
Des chevaux marchant en cadence,
Le brigadier ne parlait pas;
Mais quand parut la pâle aurore,
On entendit un vague son;
"Brigadier," répondit Pandore,
"Brigadier, vous avez raison."

Tune—A.

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67. LE DRAPEAU DE CARILLON.

Words by OCTAVE CREMAZIE; *Music by* CHAS. W. SABATIER.

French-Canadian.

1 O Carillon, je te revois encore,
Non plus, hélas! comme en ces jours bénis
Où, dans tes murs, la trompette sonore
Pour te sauver nous avait réunis.

CHORUS.

Je viens à toi, quand mon âme succombe,
Et sent déjà son courage faiblir,
Oui, près de toi, venant chercher ma tombe,
Pour mon drapeau, je viens ici mourir.

2 Mes compagnons, d'une vaine espérance
Berçant encore leurs coeurs toujours français
Les yeux tournés du côte de la France,
Diront souvent; reviendront-ils jamais?

CHORUS.

L'illusion consolera leur vie;
Moi, sans espoir, quand mes jours vont finir,
Et sans attendre une parole amie
Pour mon drapeau, je viens ici mourir.

3 Cet étendard, qu'au grand jour des batailles,
Noble Montcalm tu plaças dans ta main,
Cet étendard qu'aux portes de Versailles,
Naguère, hélas! je déployais en vain.

CHORUS

Je te remets aux champs où de ta gloire
Vivra toujours l'immortel souvenir,
Et dans ma tombe emportant ta mémoire.
Pour mon drapeau, je viens ici mourir.

4 Qu'ils sont heureux ceux qui dans la mêlée
Près de Lévis moururent en soldats!
En expirant, leur âme consolée
Voyait la gloire adoucir leur trépas.

CHORUS.

Vous qui dormez dans votre froide bière,
Vous que j'implore à mon dernier soupir,
Réveillez-vous! Apportant ma bannière,
Sur vous tombeaux, je viens ici mourir.

Tune—A.

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68. LE DRAPEAU DE CARILLON.

Translation by B. MORTON JONES, *from French-Canadian Song.*

1 O Carillon, to thee once more returning,
Sadly I gaze on thy familiar wall;
Not as of yore, when hearts with ardor burning,
Thronged thee to save at the loud bugle-call.

To thee I come when low my heart is beating,
When courage fails, and all around is drear;
Yea, near to thee, my death more bravely meeting,
Guarding my flag, I come to perish here.

3 In vain my comrades' cheeks are warmly glowing,
In vain they lull with dreams of home their pain;
In vain to France their heart is ever going,
Filled with this hope, "Will they come back again?"
This hope, though vain, will be their consolation,
But when at last my lonely death is near,
Naught shall be mine of friendship's admiration,—
Guarding my flag, I come to perish here.

3 Noble Montcalm, thou gavest me this standard,
'Midst shot and shell upon the battle plain.
Bearing it, lately to Versailles I wandered,
But there, alas! I unfurled it in vain.
Back now I place it where the recollection
Of thy great deeds shall ne'er fade or grow sere,
And unto death shall last my deep affection—
Guarding my flag, I come to perish here.

4 Thrice happy they to whom by fate was given,
'Mid the brave throng near Levis' height to die,
For them the cloud by one glad ray was riven;
Glory could sweeten their sad destiny.
Ye who now slumber till the great awaking,
On whom I call with dying accents clear—
Awake! my banner in my hand I'm taking;
Upon your graves I come to perish here.

Tune—A.

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69. LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE.

Words by EUGENE FIELD; *Music by* HUBBARD T. SMITH.

1 A little peach in an orchard grew,
(*Chorus*) Listen to my tale of woe.
A little peach of emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun, and wet by the dew,
It grew, it grew.
(*Chorus*) Listen to my tale of woe.
One day, in passing the orchard through,
(*Chorus*) Listen to my tale of woe.
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue,
Them two, them two.
(*Chorus*) Listen to my tale of woe.

CHORUS.

Hard trials for them two,
Johnny Jones and his sister Sue,
And the peach of emerald hue,
That grew, that grew,
Listen to my tale of woe.

2 Now up at the peach a club they threw,
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell the little peach of emerald hue.
Poor John! Poor Sue!
Now Sue took a bite and John a chew.
And then the trouble began to brew,
A trouble that the doctors couldn't subdue.
Too true, too true!

3 Under the turf where the daisies grew,
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew,
Bohoo! Bohoo!
But what of the peach of emerald hue,
That was warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah! well! its mission on earth is through.
Adieu! adieu!

4 Up through the turf, where they laid them two,
There sprang a tree of a kind we knew,
And soon through its branches the zephyrs blew;
A-whoo! A-whoo!
And upon its trunk, where all could view,
They cut the names of John and Sue,
And "Beware of the peach of emerald hue;
It slew them two!"

Tune—C., G.

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70. LISTEN TO THE MOCKING-BIRD.

ALICE HAWTHORNE.

1 I'm dreaming now of Hallie.
(Cho.) **Sweet Hallie, sweet Hallie,**
I'm dreaming now of Hallie,
For the thought of her is one that never dies.
She's sleeping in the valley,
(Cho.) The valley, the valley,
She's sleeping in the valley,
And the mocking-bird is singing where she lies.

CHORUS.

Listen to the mocking-bird, ***(Twice)***
The mocking-bird still singing o'er her grave,
Listen to the mocking-bird, ***(Twice)***
Still singing where the weeping-willows wave.

2 Ah! well I yet remember,
(Cho.) Remember, remember,
Ah! well I yet remember,
When we gathered in the cotton side by side.
'Twas in the mild September,
(Cho.) September, September,
'Twas in the mild September,
And the mocking-bird was singing far and wide.

3 When the charms of spring awaken,
(Cho.) Awaken, awaken,
When the charms of spring awaken,
And the mocking-bird is singing on the bough,
I feel like one forsaken,
(Cho.) **Forsaken, forsaken,**
I feel like one forsaken,
Since my Hallie is no longer with me now.

Tune—B., E., F.

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71. A LITTLE MORE CIDER.

Words and Music by A. HART.

1 I love the white girl and the black,
And I love all the rest;
I love the girls for loving me,
But I love myself the best.
Oh, dear, I am so thirsty,
I've just been down to supper,
I drank three pails of apple-jack,
And a tub of apple butter.

CHORUS.

A little more cider too, ***(Twice)***
A little more cider for Miss Dinah,
A little more cider too.

2 When first I saw Miss Snowflake,
'Twas on Broadway I spied her;
I'd give my hat and boots, I would,
If I could have been beside her.
She looked at me, I looked at her,
And then I crossed the street,
And then she smiling said to me,
"A little more cider sweet."

3 Oh, I wish I was an apple,
And Snowflake was another!
Oh, what a pretty pair we'd make
Upon a tree together!
How bad the darkeys all would feel
When on the tree they spied her,
To think how luscious we would be,
When we're made into cider.

4 But now old age comes creeping,
We grow down and don't get bigger,
And cider sweet am sour then,
And I am just de nigger.
But let the cause be what it will—
Short, small, or wider,
She am de apple of my soul,
And I'm bound to be beside her.

Tune—B.

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72. LITORIA.

Words by F. C. WADE.

1 Ye blooming freshman dons his gown,
Swedelewedumbum,
And walks ye earth with awful frown,
Swedelewedumbum,
He sees ye maidens' glances sly,
Swedelewetchuhirasa,
And rolleth his magnetic eye,
Swedelewedumbum.

CHORUS.

Litoria! Litoria! Swedelewetchu hirasa,
Litoria! Litoria! Swedelewedum bum.

2 He's brought before ye Mufti's throne,
'Mid sulphurous smoke and muffled groan,
'Mid red-hot brands and boiling tar,
He scenteth danger from afar.

3 Ye spikes cut deep, ye race is run,
He rides ye chariot of ye sun.
Ye brake's put on Ixion's wheel,
L'Inferno's inmost caverns reel.

4 Ye ritual he chanteth now,
Dread Lucifers attend his vow;
Ye sounds die 'way, ye ordeals cease,
"Ad initiandos tirones."

5 As tiniest voice from tiniest star,
Or monkish monotone afar,
Ye freshman's shattered accents rise,
Ye mask is lifted from his eyes.

6 To 'Varsity men this tale I speak,
For making men and killing cheek,
Stick up for your formalities,
"Ad initiandos tirones."

Tune—A.

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73. LONG, LONG AGO.

T. H. BAYLY.

1 Tell me the tales that to me were so dear,
(*Cho.*) Long, long ago, Long, long ago,
Sing me the songs I delighted to hear,
(*Cho.*) Long, long ago, long ago.
Now you are come all my grief is removed,
Let me forget that so long you have roved,
Let me believe that you love as you loved,
(*Cho.*) Long, long ago, long ago.

2 Do you remember the path where we met?
Ah, yes, you told me you ne'er would forget,
Then, to all others my smile you preferr'd,
Love, when you spoke, gave a charm to each word;
Still my heart treasures the praises I heard.

3 Though by your kindness my fond hopes were raised,
You by more eloquent lips have been praised,
But by long absence your truth has been tried,
Still to your accents I listen with pride,
Blest as I was when I sat by your side.

Tune—E., F.

74. MALBROUCK.

1 Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ri too tra la, Ri too tra la,
Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sait quand reviendra.

CHORUS.

Là bas! courez, courez, courez,
Petite fille, jeune et gentille;
Courez, courez, courez,
Venez ce soir vous amuser.

2 Il reviendra-z-a Pâques,
Ou à la Trinité.

3 La Trinité se passe
Malbrouck ne revient pas.

4 Madame à sa tour monte,
Si haut qu'elle peut monter.

5 Elle aperçoit son page,
Tout de noir habillé.

6 "Beau page! ah mon beau page!
Quell' nouvelle apportez?"

7 "Aux nouvell's que j'apporte,
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.

8 Quittez vos habits roses,
Et vos satins brochés.

9 Monsieur Malbrouck est mort,
Est mort et enterré.

10 J'l'ai vu porter en terre,
Par quatre-z-officiers.

Tune—A., I.

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75. MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH.

1 Men of Harlech, in the hollow,
Do ye hear like rushing billow,
Wave on wave that surging follow,
Battle's distant sound?
'Tis the tramp of Saxon foemen,
Saxon spearmen, Saxon bowmen,
Be they knights or hinds or yeomen,
They shall bite the ground.
Loose the folds asunder,
Flag we conquer under,
The placid sky now bright on high
Shall launch its bolts in thunder.
Onward; 'tis our country needs us,
He is bravest, he who leads us,
Honour's self now proudly heads us!
Cambria, God, and Right!

2 Rocky steeps and passes narrow
Flash with spear and flight of ar[illegible]
Who would think of death or sorrow?
Death is glory now.
Hurl the reeling horsemen over!
Let the earth dead foemen cover!
Fate of friend, of wife, of lover
Trembles on a blow.
Strands of life are riven;
Blow for blow is given;
In deadly lock or battle shock,
And mercy shrieks to heaven!
Men of Harlech, young or hoary,
Would you win a name in story?
Strike for home, for life, for glory!
Cambria, God, and Right!

Tune—A., C., F.

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76. MARCHING IN KHAKI.

(*Air, "Marching Through Georgia."*)

1 Hear the British bugles ring again
their old-time song,
Hear the answering cheer that sweeps
the thin brown line along,
And the mighty chorus voiced from
throats a million strong,
As we come marching in khaki.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! "the day," the year of
Jubilee.
Hurrah! "the day," that sees the
world set free.
Hear the challenge ringing from the
trenches to the sea,
As we come marching in khaki.

2 How the haughty Prussian laughed
to hear the cheering sound
Of glasses clinking to "the day" each
ringing board around!

But his "day" is coming swift along
the trembling ground,
As we come marching in khaki.

3 "French's puny army cannot bar us
from the coast,"
In his pride the foe has said, and
'twas a handsome boast,
But he has forgotten quite to reckon
with a host,
As we come marching in khaki.

Tune—B., E., J.

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77. MARCHING THRO' GEORGIA.

HENRY CLAY WORK.

1 Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll
sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start
the world along;
Sing it as we used to sing it, fifty-
thousand strong,
While we were marching through
Georgia.

CHORUS.

**Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the
Jubilee!**
**Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes
you free!**
**So we sang the chorus from Atlanta
to the sea,**
**While we were marching thro'
Georgia.**

2 How the darkeys shouted when they
heard the joyful sound!
How the turkeys gobbled which our
commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started
from the ground,
While we were marching thro'
Georgia.

3 Yes, and there were Union men who
wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honor'd flag they
had not seen for years.
Hardly could they be restrained from
breaking forth in cheers,
While we were marching thro'
Georgia.

4 "Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will
never reach the coast;"
So the saucy rebels said, and 'twas a
handsome boast.
Had they not forgot, alas! to reckon
with the host?
While we were marching thro'
Georgia.

5 So we made a thoroughfare for free-
dom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude, three hun-
dred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance
was in vain,
While we were marching thro'
Georgia.

Tune—B., C., F., J.

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78. MARIA'S LAMBKIN.

Tune—"Ben Backstay."

1 Maria had a lambkin
Of most prodigious size,
And when the butcher cut his throat,
She wept out both her eyes.
(*Three times*)

CHORUS.

And a tip-top mutton chop,
Fol de rol de riddle rop!
A very giddy mutton chop,
Fol de rol de ray!
And Mary ate the mutton chop,
Fol de rol de riddle rop!
Mary ate the mutton chop,
Fol de rol de ray!

2 It went with her to college,
But as a tiny bunch,
A dainty sample of its worth,
A portion of her lunch.

3 What makes the sheep love Mary,
As in its gore it drops?
'Cause Mary's fond of mutton,
And hankers after chops.

Tune—H.

79. MASSA'S IN THE COLD, COLD GROUND.

Words and Music by S. C. FOSTER.

1 Round de meadows am a-ringing
De darkey's mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long;
Where de ivy am a-creeping
O'er de grassy mound,
Dere old massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS.

Down in de cornfield,
Hear dat mournful sound,
All de darkeys am a-weeping—
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

2 When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear old massa calling,
'Cause he was so weak and old.
Now de orange tree am blooming
On de sandy shore;
Now de summer days are coming;
Massa neber calls no more.

3 Massa made de darkeys lub him,
'Cause he was so kind;
Now dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning 'cause he leave them behind.
I cannot work before to-morrow,
'Cause de tear-drop flow;
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin' on de old banjo.

Tune—A., B., C., F., J.

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80. MEERSCHAUM PIPE.

1 Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe?
Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe?
Oh, who will smoke my meerschaum pipe
When I am far away? Allie Bazan.

2 Oh, who will wear my cast-off boots?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran!

3 Oh, who will hoist my green umbrell?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann.

4 Oh, who will go to see my girl?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann, Kazecazan.

5 Oh, who will take her out to ride?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann, Kazecazan, Yucatan.

6 Oh, who will squeeze her snow-white hand?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann, Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo.

7 Oh, who will trot her on his knee?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann, Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

8 Oh, who will kiss her ruby lips?
Allie Bazan, Johnnie Moran, Mary McCann, Kazecazan, Yucatan, Kalamazoo, Michigan, Bad Man.

Tune—A., B.

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81. MERRILY, MERRILY.

(A Round.)

1 Merrily, merrily, greet the morn;

2 Cherrily, cheerily, sound the horn,

3 Hark! to the echoes hear them play,

4 O'er hill and dale, far, far away.

Tune—A., I.

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82. MICHAEL ROY.

1 In Brooklyn City there lived a maid,
And she was known to fame;
Her mother's name was Mari-ann,
And hers was Mari-jane;
And every Saturday morning
She used to go over the river,
And went to market, where she sold eggs
And sassages, likewise liver.

CHORUS.

For oh, for oh, he was my darling boy,
For he was the lad with the auburn hair,
And his name was Michael Roy.
(*Twice*)

He fell in love with a charcoal man,
McCloskey was his name;
His fighting weight was seven stone ten,
And he loved sweet Mari-jane.
He took her to ride in his charcoal cart
On a fine St. Patrick's Day,
But the donkey took fright at a Jersey man,
And started and ran away.

3 McCloskey shouted and hollered in vain,
For the donkey wouldn't stop;
And he threw Mari-jane right over his head,
Right into a policy shop.
When McCloskey saw that terrible sight,
His heart it was moved with pity;
So he stabbed the donkey with a bit of charcoal,
And started for Salt Lake City.

Tune—A., B.

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83. MR. DOOLEY.

The Kaiser had an army of a hundred thousand men,
He marched them up the hill, but they all came down again.
When they were up, why, they were up, on that I'll bet a crown,
But though the Kaiser marched them up, who was it chased them down?

CHORUS.

'Twas Mr. Dooley, 'twas Mr. Dooley,
The greatest man the country ever knew;
Quite diplomatic, and democratic,
'Twas Mr. Dooley-ooly-ooly-oo.

84. MUSH-MUSH.

1 Oh, 'twas there I larned radin' an' writin,
At Billy Brackett's where I wint to school,
And 'twas there I larned howlin' an' fightin'
Wid me school-masther, Misther O'Toole.
Him an' me we had mony a scrimmage,
An' divil a copy I wrote,
There was ne'er a gossoon in the village
Dared thread on the tail o' me ——

CHORUS.

Mush, mush, mush, turaliaddy!
Sing mush, mush, mush, turalia!
There was ne'er a gossoon in the village
Dared tread on the tail o' me coat.

2 Oh, 'twas there that I larned all me courtin';
Oh, the lissons I took in the art!
Till Cupid, the blackguard, while sportin',
An arrow dhruv straight thro' me heart.
Miss Judy O'Connor she lived just forninst me,
An' tinder lines to her I wrote.
If ye dare say wan hard word agin her,
I'll thread on the tail o' yer ——

3 But a blackguard called Mickey Maloney
Came an' sthole her affictions away;
For he'd money, an' I hadn't ony,
So I sint him a challenge nixt day.
In the ayvenin' we met at the Woodbine,
The Don we crossed o'er in a boat,
An' I lathered him wid me shillaly,
Fur he throd on the tail o' me ——

4 Oh, me fame wint abroad through the nation,
An' folks came a-flockin' to see;
An' they cried out, widout hesitation,
"You're a fightin' man, Billy McGee."
Oh, I've claned out the Finnegan faction,
An' I've licked all the Murphys afloat,
If you're in fur a row or a raction,
Jist ye thread on the tail o' me ——

Note.—In the third and fourth lines of the chorus, repeat the last two lines of the previous stanza.

Tune—A., C.

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85. MY BONNIE.

1 My Bonnie is over the ocean,
My Bonnie is over the sea,
My Bonnie is over the ocean;
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

CHORUS.

Bring back, bring back,
Bring back my Bonnie to me, to me,
Bring back, bring back,
Oh, bring back my Bonnie to me.

2 Oh, blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
Oh, blow, ye winds, over the sea,
Oh, blow, ye winds, over the ocean,
And bring back my Bonnie to me.

3 Last night as I lay on my pillow,
Last night as I lay on my bed,
Last night as I lay on my pillow,
I dreamed that my Bonnie was dead.

4 The winds have blown over the ocean,
The winds have blown over the sea,
The winds have blown over the ocean,
And brought back my Bonnie to me.

5 Oh, what have I had for my supper,
Oh, what have I had for my tea,
Oh, what have I had for my supper,
That makes me go dreaming of thee?

Tune, A., B., C., E., J.

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86. MY DARLING CLEMENTI[illegible]

Words and Music by PERCY MONTROSE.

1 In a cabin, in a canyon,
An excavation for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, a forty-niner,
And his daughter, Clementine.

CHORUS.

Oh, my darling, oh, my darling,
Oh, my darling Clementine!
You are lost and gone forever,
Dreffful sorry, Clementine.

2 Light she was, and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine,
Herring boxes without topses
Sandals were for Clementine.

3 She drove her ducklets to the river
Every morning just at nine;
Stubbed her toe against a sliver,
Fell into the foaming brine.

4 Ruby lips above the water,
Blowing bubbles soft and fine;
Alas for me! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.

5 Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter;
Now he's with his Clementine.

6 How I missed her, how I missed her!
How I missed my Clementine!
Till I kissed her little sister,
Sister to my Clementine.

Tune—A., C., G.

87. MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

1 The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkeys are gay;
The corn-top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day.
The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy and bright:
By'm-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady,
Oh, weep no more to-day!
We will sing one song for the old Kentucky home,
For the old Kentucky home, far away.

2 They hunt no more for the 'possum and the coon
On the meadow, the hill and the shore;
They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon
On the bench by the old cabin door.
The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart,
With sorrow where all was delight:
The time has come when the darkeys have to part;
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

3 The head must bow, and the back will have to bend,
Wherever the darkey may go;
A few more days, and the trouble all will end,
In the field where the sugar canes grow;
A few more days for to tote the weary load—
No matter, 'twill never be light;
A few more days till we totter on the road,
Then my old Kentucky home, good-night!

Tune—B., E., F., G., H.

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88. O CANADA.

HON. JUSTICE ROUTHIER.

1 O Canada! Terre de nos aïeux,
Ton front est ceint de fleurons glorieux!
Car ton bras sait porter l'épée
Il sait porter la croix!
Ton histoire est une épopée
Des plus brillants exploits,
Et ta valeur, de foi trempée,
Protégera nos foyers et nos droits,
Protégera nos foyers et nos droits.

2 Sous l'oeil de Dieu, près du fleuve géant,
Le Canadien grandit en espèrant.
Il est né d'une race fière,
Béni fut son berceau.
Le ciel a marqué sa carrière
Dans ce monde nouveau.
Toujours guidé par sa lumière,
Il gardera l'honneur de son drapeau,
Il gardera l'honneur de son drapeau.

Tune—I., J.

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89. O CANADA.

Words by B. MORTON JONES; *Music by* C. LAVALLEE.

1 O Canada! The land our fathers found,
How bright the garlands on thy forehead bound!
For the sword thine arm hath in battle borne,
And hath raised the Cross on high:
And the poet's pen finds its highest theme
Thy simple history.
And thy bold hearts, filled with devoted faith,

Will guard our homes and our liberty,
Will guard our homes and our liberty.

2 'Neath Heaven's eye, beside a mighty stream,
Great grow thy sons, as they of greatness dream.
For the race they spring from is full of pride,
And a blessing hails their birth,
And the powers on high have prepar'd their place
With the great ones of the earth.
And the high faith that doth inspire their hearts
Counts their flag's honor as life's greatest worth,
Counts their flag's honor as life's greatest worth.

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90. O'HOOLIHAN.

Me name it is O'Hoolihan,
I'm a man of consid'rable influence.
I mind my business, stay at home.
Me wants be few and small;
But one day the byes around did come,
All full o' whiskey, gin, and rum;
And they tuk me out in the bilin' sun
Fur to play a game o' baseball.

CHORUS.

(Repeat last two lines of each verse.)

2 They made me carry all the bats,
An' they nearly dhrove me crazy;
They put me out in the cintre-field,
But I paralyzed them all.
For I put out me fisht fur to stop a "fly,"
Whin the murtherin' thing hit me square in the eye;
An' they hung me over a fince to dhry,
The day that I played baseball.

3 I took the bat fur to strike the ball,
An' I knocked it to San Francisco.
Around the bases I did run
A dozen times or more,
Till all the byes began to howl
"O'Hoolihan, ye made a foul,"
An' they rubbed me down wid a Turkish tow'l,
The day that I played baseball.

4 The editor he axed me name
Fur to give me a leather medal,
He axed me fur me fortygraft
To hang agin' the wall;
Fur he said it was me as had won the game,
Wid me head all broke, and me shoulder lame,
An' they took me home on a cattle train,
The day that I played baseball.

Tune—A.

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91. OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

THOMAS MOORE.

1 Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.
The smiles, the tears of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken,
The eyes that shone, now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

CHORUS.

Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad mem'ry brings the light
Of other days around me.

2 When I remember all
The friends so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!

Tune—B., E., F.

92. OLD BLACK JOE.

Words and Music by S. C. FOSTER.

1 Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton fields away;
Gone from the earth to a better land I know,
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

CHORUS.

I'm coming, I'm coming, for my head is bending low;
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

2 Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again?
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?
I hear their gentle voices calling, "Old Black Joe."

3 Where are the hearts once so happy and so free?
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go,
I hear their gentle voices calling "Old Black Joe."

Tune—A., B., C., E., F., G., I., J.

93. OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

Words and Music by S. C. FOSTER.

1 'Way down upon de Swanee Ribber, far, far away;
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber,
Dere's where the old folks stay.
All up and down the whole creation, sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.

All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebrywhere I roam.
Oh, darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the old folks at home.

2 All round de little farm I wander'd, when I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder, happy was I;
Oh, take me to my kind old mudder!
Dere let me lib and die.

3 One little hut among de bushes, one dat I love;
Still sadly to my memory rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When shall I see de bees a-humming all round de comb?
When shall I hear de banjo tumming
Down in my good old home?

Tune—A., B., C., E., F., J.

94. OLD GRIMES.

Words by A. G. GREENE; *Tune, "Auld Lang Syne."*

1 Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before.

CHORUS.

Old Grimes, old Grimes. (14 *times*)

2 His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to grey,
He wore it in a queue.

3 Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned;
The large round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

4 Kind words he ever had for all,
He knew no base design;
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline.

5 He lived at peace with all mankind.
In friendship he was true;
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantaloons were blue.

6 Unharmed, the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

7 But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown;
He wore a double-breasted vest,—
The stripes ran up and down.

8 He modest merit sought to find,
And give it its desert;
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

9 His neighbours he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay;
He wore nor lefts nor rights for shoes,
And changed them every day.

10 His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor made a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

11 Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

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95. OLD UNKLE NED.

S. C. FOSTER.

1 Dar was an ole nigger and his name was Unkle Ned,
And he died long ago, long ago,
And he had no wool on de top of his head
On de place where de wool ought to grow.

CHORUS.

Den lay down de shubble and de ho-o-o-o,
Hang up de fiddle and de bow,
Dar's no more hard work for poor Unkle Ned,
For he's gone where de good niggers go.

2 His fingers were long as de cane in de brake,
And he had no eyes for to see,
He had no teeth for to eat de corn cake,
So he had to let the corn cake be.

3 When Unkle Ned die, massa take it berry bad,
And his tears ran down like de rain;
Old missus cry and she look'd berry sad,
Kase she nebber see de old man again.

Tune—C., F.

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96. ONE MORE RIBBER TO CROSS.

1 De animals went in one by one,
Dar's one more Ribber to cross,
De Elephant chewin' a carraway bun,
Dar's one more Ribber to cross.

CHORUS.

Dar's one more ribber,
And that's the ribber of Jord
One more ribber,
Dar's one more ribber to cross.

2 De animals went in two by two,
De Rhinoceras and de Kangaroo.

3 De animals went in three by three,
De Bear, de Bug, and Bumble-Bee.

4 De animals went in four by four,
Old Noah got mad and hollered for more.

5 De animals went in five by five,
Wid Saratoga trunks did they arrive.

6 De animals went in six by six,
De Hyena laughed at the Monkey's tricks.

7 De animals went in seven by seven,
Says de Ant to de Elephant, "Who are you shovin'?"

8 De animals went in eight by eight,
Dey came wid a rush 'cause 'twas so late,

9 De animals went in nine by nine,
Old Noah shouted, "Cut dat line."

10 De animals went in ten by ten,
De Ark she blowed her whistle den.

97. OVER THE BANISTER.

Yale Song.

1 Over the banister leans a face,
Tenderly sweet and beguiling;
While below her with tender grace,
He watches the picture smiling.
The light burns dim in the hall below,
Nobody sees them standing.
Saying good-night again, soft and low,
Half-way up to the landing.

2 Nobody, only those eyes of brown,
Tender, and full of meaning,
Gaze on the loveliest face in town,
Over the banister leaning.
Timid and tired, with downcast eyes,
I wonder why she lingers,
After all the good-nights are said—
Somebody holds her fingers.

3 Holds her fingers, and draws her down,
Suddenly, growing bolder,
Till her lovely hair lets its masses down,
Like a mantle over his shoulder.

A question asked, a swift caress,
She has fled like a bird from the hall-way,
But over the banister comes a "Yes,"
That brightens the world for him alway.

98. PEANUT SONG.

1 Oh, all you fellows that have peanuts
And give your neighbour none,
You shan't have any of my peanuts,
When your peanuts are gone,
When your peanuts are gone,
When your peanuts are gone,
You shan't have any of my peanuts
When your peanuts are gone.

2 Oh, all you fellows that have sherry chicken,
And give your neighbour none, etc.

3 Oh, all you fellows that have pickled persimmons,

4 Oh, all you fellows that have huckleberry pot-pie,

5 Oh, all you fellows that have soft, sweet soda crackers,

6 Oh, all you fellows that have nice, sour Messina oranges,

7 Oh, all you fellows that have Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup,

8 Oh, all you fellows that have ripe, rich, red strawberry shortcake,

9 Oh, all you fellows that have California clam chowder and oysters on the half-shell,

Spoken—Not if I knows myself.

Tune—H.

99. PETER GRAY.

1 Once on a time there was a man,
His name was Peter Gray;
He lived 'way down in that 'ere town
Called Pennsylvania.

CHORUS.

Blow ye winds of the morning,
Blow ye winds, Heigh-o!
Blow ye winds of the morning,
Blow, blow, blow.

2 Now Peter Gray he fell in love,
All with a nice young girl,
The first three letters of her name
Were L—U—C, Anna Quirl.

3 But just as they were going to wed,
Her papa he said "No!"
And consequently she was sent
'Way off to Ohio.

4 And Peter Gray he went to trade
For furs and other skins,
Till he was caught and scalp-y-ed
By the bloody Indians.

5 When Lucy Anna heard the news,
She straightway took to bed,
And never did get up again
Until she di-i-ed.

Tune—A., B.

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100. POLLY-WOLLY DOODLE.

1 Oh, I went down South for to see my Sal,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day.
My Sally am a spunky gal,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle all the day."

CHORUS.

Farewell, Farewell,
Farewell my fairy fay,
Oh, I'm off to Louisiana for to see my Susy Anna,
Singing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day.

2 Oh, my Sal she am a maiden fair,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day.
With laughing eyes and curly hair,
Sing "Polly-wolly-doodle" all the day.

3 Oh, I came to a river and I couldn't get across,
An' I jumped upon a nigger, for I thought he was a hoss.

4 Oh, the grasshopper sittin' on a railroad track,
A-pickin' his teef with a carpet-tack.

5 Behind de barn, down on my knee,
I thought I heard a chicken sneeze.

6 He sneezed so hard wid de hoopin' cough,
He sneezed his head and his tail right off.

Tune—A., B., C.

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101. ROBIN ADAIR.

1 What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near;
What was't I wished to see,
What wished to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth
That made this town a heav'n on earth?
Oh! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

2 What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair;
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

3 But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair;
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair;
Yet him I loved so well,
Still in my heart shall dwell,
Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

Tune—B., E., J.

102. ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

Words by EMMA WILLARD; *Music by* J. P. KNIGHT.

1 Rocked in the cradle of the deep,
I lay me down in peace to sleep;
Secure I rest upon the wave,
For Thou, O Lord, hast pow'r to save.
I know Thou wilt not slight my call
For Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall!

CHORUS.

And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep,
And calm and peaceful is my sleep,
Rock'd in the cradle of the deep.

2 And such the trust that still were mine,
Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine,
Or tho' the tempest's fiery breath
Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death.
In ocean cave still safe with Thee,
The hope of immortality.

Tune—B, E, F, G.

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103. ROSALIE.

1 Je suis Pierre le bon ton de Paris, de Paris,
I drink the divine eau de vie, eau de vie,
I drive in the Bois in my little coupé,
And I tell you I'm something to see.
I care not what others may say,
I'm in love with my Rosalie,
Sweet Rose, little Rose,
I'm in love with my Rosalie.

CHORUS.

I care not what others may say,
I'm in love with my Rosalie;
Sweet Rose, Jolie Rose,
I'm in love with my Rosalie.

2 At the fête of Madame la Marquise, la Marquise,
I first felt enough at my ease, at my ease,
To go to her père and demand for my own,
The hand of my sweet Rosalie.

3 Je suis le grand beau de Paris, de Paris,
I'm called by les dames très joli, très joli,
When I go out of doors my friends by the scores,
Say, "Comment ça va mon ami."

CHORUS FOR LAST VERSE.

I care not what others may say,
I'm in love with my Rosalie,
Sweet Rose, Jolie Rose,
And my Rose is in love with me.

Tune—A., B., C.

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104. ROW YOUR BOAT.

(Round.)

1 Row, row, row your boat,

2 Gently down the stream;

3 Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily;

4 Life is but a dream.

Tune—A.

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105. RULE BRITANNIA.

Words by JAMES THOMSON; *Music by* DR. ARNE.

1 When Britain first at Heav'n's command
Arose from out the azure main,
Arose, arose, arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain.

CHORUS.

Rule Britannia, Britannia rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves.

2 The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish, shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

3 Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast, the blast that tears the skies,
Serves but to root thy native oak.

4 The muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest isle with beauty, with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.

Tune—A., B., C., E., I., J.

106. RUSSIAN NATIONAL ANTHEM.

Version by JAMES EDMUND JONES.

Long live our noble Czar!
God keep him safe, within his realm in power and peace to reign,
Ever victorious.
Of our faith the champion,
Long live the Czar!
Long live the Czar!

Tune—A., E., F.

107. SAILING, SAILING, SAILING.

Version by W. J. HEALY.

1 Over the river, over the Dee,
Dwells a maiden fair;
Oh, laughing lips and eyes has she,
And rippling sunny hair.

CHORUS.

Sailing, sailing, sailing,
Sailing down the stream;
Sailing, sailing, sailing,
Sailing down the stream.

2 Up to her window, sunshine or rain,
A clambering rose-vine goes;
And over the river my heart would fain
To climb with the climbing rose.

3 After the sunset flush has flown,
When lilacs scent the air,
By the old bridge I'll meet alone,
My love, so blithe and fair.

4 Over the river, the evening breeze
Fragrance-laden blows;
Under the blossoming apple trees
I walk with my lovely Rose.

5 Eyes has my love like a day in June,
When all the sky is blue,
Lips like a rose in the summer noon,
Ripe-red through and through.

6 Ever I dream of one sweetest word
I to my love will say;
Oh, my heart is like a singing bird
On a swaying hazel spray.

Tune—A.

108. SCOTS WHA HAE.

Words by ROBERT BURNS.

1 Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory!
Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery.

2 Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee.
Wha for Scotland's king and law,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me.

3 By oppression's woes and pains,
By our sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free.

Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in ev'ry foe.
Liberty's in ev'ry blow,
Let us do or dee.
Tune—A., C., I., J.

109. SEEING NELLIE HOME.

1 In the sky the bright stars glittered.
On the bank the pale moon shone:
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

CHORUS.

I was seeing Nellie home,
I was seeing Nellie home,
And 'twas from Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.

2 On my arm a soft hand rested,
Rested light as ocean foam;

3 On my lips a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come;

4 On my life new hopes were dawning,
And those hopes have lived and grown;
Tune—A., B.

110. SERENADE.

Words by PERCY B. SHELLEY.

1 I arise from dreams of thee.
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me, who knows how,
To thy chamber window, Sweet.

2 The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream,
And the Champak's odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must on thine,
O beloved, as thou art.

3 Oh, lift me from the grass!
I die, I faint, I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast,
Oh, press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last!
Tune—H.

111. SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD.

Words by E. E. REXFORD; *Music by* H. P. DANKS.

1 Darling, I am growing old.
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow to-day;
Life is fading fast away;
But my darling, you will be, will be,
Always young and fair to me;
Yes! my darling, you will be
Always young and fair to me.

CHORUS.

Darling, I am growing, growing old,
Silver threads among the gold.
Shine upon my brow to-day;
Life is fading fast away.

2 When your hair is silver white,
And your cheeks no longer bright,
With the roses of the May,
I will kiss your lips and say,
Oh! my darling, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown,
Yes! my darling, mine alone,
You have never older grown!

3 Love can never more grow old,
Locks may lose their brown and gold,
Cheeks may fade and hollow grow,
But the hearts that love will know,
Never, never winter's frost can chill;
Summer warmth is in them still,
Never winter's frost can chill;
Summer warmth is in them still.

4 Love is always young and fair,
What to us is silver hair,
Faded cheeks or steps grown slow,
To the heart that beats below?
Since I kissed you, mine alone, alone,
You have never older grown,
Since I kiss'd you mine alone,
You have never older grown!

Tune—J.

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112. SO EARLY IN DE MORNING.

1 South Carolina's a sultry clime,
Where we used to work in de summer time,
Massa 'neath de shade would lay,
While we poor niggers toil'd all day.

CHORUS.

So early in de morning,
Before de break of day.
(*Repeat three times*)

2 When I was young I used to wait,
On Massa's table lay de plate,
Pass de bottle when him dry,
Brush away de blue-tail'd fly.

3 Now Massa's dead and gone to rest,
Of all de massas he war best;
I nebber see de like since I was born,
Miss him now he's dead and gone.

Tune—E.

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113. SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

1 How can I bear to leave thee,
One parting kiss I give thee;
And then whate'er befalls me,
I go where honor calls me.

CHORUS.

Farewell, farewell, my own true love,
Farewell, farewell, my own true love.

2 Ne'er more may I behold thee,
Or to this heart enfold thee;
With spear and pennon glancing,
I see the foe advancing.

3 I think of thee with longing,
Think thou, when tears are thronging.
That with my last faint sighing,
I'll whisper soft while dying.

Tune—A., B., F., J.

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114. SOLOMON LEVI.

FRED SEAVER.

1 My name is Solomon Levi;
At my store on Chatham Street,
That's where you'll buy your coats and vests,
And everything that's neat.
I've second-handed Ulsterettes,
And everything that's fine;
For all the boys they trade with me,
At a hundred and forty-nine.

CHORUS.

O Solomon Levi, Levi, tra la la la!
Poor Sheeny Levi, tra lalalalalalala-lala!
My name is Solomon Levi,
At my store on Chatham Street,
That's where you'll buy your coats and vests,
And everything that's neat,
Second-handed Ulsterettes,
And everything else that's fine,
For all the boys they trade with me,
At a hundred and forty-nine.

2 And if a bummer comes along
To my store on Chatham Street,
And tries to hang me up for coats
And vests so very neat.
I kicks the bummer right out of my store,
And on him sets my pup,
For I won't sell clothing to any man
Who tries to hang me up.

3 The people are delighted
To come inside of my store,
And trade with the elegant gentleman
What I keeps to walk the floor;

He is a blood among the sheenies,
Beloved by one and all;
And his clothes they fit him
Just like the paper on the wall.

Tune—A., C.

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115. SOME DAY I'LL WANDER BACK AGAIN.

Words by A. W. FRENCH: *Music by* WM. A. HUNTLEY.

1 Some day I'll wander back again
To where the old home stands
Beneath the old tree down the lane,
Afar in other lands.
Its humble cot will shelter me
From ev'ry care and pain,
And life be sweet as sweet can be,
When I am home again.

CHORUS.

I'll wander back, yes, back again,
yes, back again,
Where childhood's home, my child-
hood's home may be;
For memory in sweet refrain, in
sweet refrain,
Sings still its praise to me, its praise
to me.

2 Some day I'll wander back again,
To scenes so dear to me;
Where life sweet infancies refrain,
Beside a mother's knee:
To live once more the golden hour
Of joyous, merry play;
No thorns, but only sweetest flowers,
There in life's merry way.

3 Some day I'll wander back again
To hearts so kind and true,
Whose gentle faces still remain
In mem'ries' cherished view.
No more my wayward feet shall roam
Life's troubled pathway o'er,
But in the life and love of home,
I'll rest me evermore.

Tune—H.

116. SON OF A GAMBOLIER.

1 I'm a rambling rake of poverty,
From Tippe'ry town I came;
'Twas poverty compelled me first
To go out in the rain.
In all sorts of weather,
Be it wet or be it dry,
I am bound to get my livelihood,
Or lay me down and die.

CHORUS.

Come join my humble ditty,
From Tippe'ry town I steer,
Like every honest fellow,
I drinks my lager beer.
Like every jolly fellow,
I takes my whiskey clear,
I'm a rambling rake of poverty,
And the son of a Gambolier.
The son of a, son of a, son of a,
son of a, son of a Gambolier,
(*Twice*)
Like every jolly fellow, I takes my
whiskey clear;
I'm a rambling rake of poverty, and
the son of a Gambolier.

2 I once was tall and handsome,
And was so very neat,
They thought I was too good to live—
Most good enough to eat.
But now I'm old, my coat is torn,
And poverty holds me fast,
And every girl turns up her nose
As I go wandering past.

3 I'm a rambling wretch of poverty,
From Tippe'ry town I came;
My coat I bought from an old Jew
shop,
Way down in Maiden Lane;
My hat I got from a sailor lad
Just eighteen years gone by,
And my shoes I picked from an old
dust-heap,
Which ev'ry one shunned but I.

Tune—A.

117. STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

Words by H. W. LONGFELLOW.

1 Stars of the summer night,
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light;
She sleeps, my lady sleeps. (*Twice*)

2 Moon of the summer night,
Far down yon western steeps,
Sink, sink in silver light;
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

3 Wind of the summer night,
Where yonder woodbine creeps,
Fold, fold your pinions light;
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

4 Dreams of the summer night,
Tell her her lover keeps
Watch, while in slumber light,
She sleeps, my lady sleeps.

Tune—A., B., J.

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118. STARS TREMBLING O'ER US.

D. M. MULOCH.

1 Stars trembling o'er us
And sunset before us,
Mountain in shadow,
And forest asleep.

CHORUS.

Down the dim river
We float on forever,
Speak not, ah, breathe not,
There's peace on the deep.
Speak not, ah, breathe not,
There's peace on the deep.

2 Come not, pale sorrow,
Flee, flee till to-morrow,
Rest softly falling
O'er eyelids that weep.

3 As the waves cover
The depths we glide over,
So let the past
In forgetfulness sleep.

Tune—A.

119. SUR MON PERE.

French-Canadian.

1 Quand j'étais sur mon père;
Dzing, dzing, dzinge,
Boom, boom, boome,
Quand j'étais sur mon père,
Garçon, inmarié.

CHORUS.

Ah! oui, ah! oui, garçon inmarié.
Ah! oui, ah! oui, garçon inmarié.

2 Je n'avais rien à faire
Qu'une femme chercher.

3 A présent j'en ai une,
Qui me fait enragé.

4 Elle m'envoie à l'ouvrage,
Sans boire et sans manger.

5 Quand j'reviens de l'ouvrage,
Tout mouillé, tout glacé,

6 Je demande à ma femme,
Si j'ai de quoi manger.

7 Va-tu manger du diable,
J'ai mangé des pâtés.

8 Les os sont sous la table,
Si tu veux les ronger.

Tune—H.

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120. SWEET GENEVIEVE.

Words by GEO. COOPER; *Music by* HENRY TUCKER.

1 O Genevieve, I'd give the world
To live again the lovely past;
The rose of youth was dew-impearled,
But now it withers in the blast.
I see thy face in every dream,
My waking thoughts are full of thee,
Thy glance is in the starry beam
That falls along the summer sea.

CHORUS.

O Genevieve, sweet Genevieve!
The days may come, the days may go,
But still the hands of memory weave
The blissful dreams of long ago.

2 Fair Genevieve, my early love,
The years but make thee dearer far!
My heart shall never, never rove,
Thou art my only guiding star.
For me the past has no regret,
Whate'er the years may bring to me,
I bless the hour when first we met,
The hour that gave me love and thee.

Tune—B., G., J.

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121. SWEET AND LOW.

Words by ALFRED LORD TENNYSON; *Music by* SIR J. BARNBY.

1 Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the Western sea;
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the Western sea;
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

2 Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,
Under the silver moon,
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Tune—B., J.

122. TEN LITTLE NIGGERS.

1 Ten little niggers going out to dine,
One chok'd his little self, and then there were nine;
Nine little niggers crying at his fate,
One cried himself away, and then there were eight.

CHORUS 1-5.

One little, two little, three little, four little, five little nigger boys,
Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little, ten little nigger boys.

2 Eight little niggers slept until eleven,
One overslept himself, and then there were seven;
Seven little niggers cutting up sticks,
One chopp'd himself in halves, and then there were six.

3 Six little niggers playing with a hive,
A bumble-bee killed one, and then there were five;
Five little niggers going in for law,
One got in Chancery, and then there were four.

4 Four little niggers going out to sea,
A red herring swallowed one, and then there were three;
Three little niggers walking in the Zoo,
A big bear cuddled one, and then there were two.

5 Two little niggers sitting in the sun,
One got frizzled up, and then there was one;
One little nigger living all alone,
He got married, and then there were none.

6 One little nigger with his little wife,
Lived all his days a happy little life:
One little couple dwelling by the shore,
Soon raised a family of ten niggers more.

CHORUS AFTER 6TH VERSE.

One little, two little, three little, four little, five little niggers more;
Six little, seven little, eight little, nine little, ten little niggers more.

Tune—B.

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123. TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND.

Words and Music by WALTER KITTREDGE.

1 We're tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS.

Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the light
To see the dawn of peace.
Tenting to-night, tenting to-night,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

2 We've been tenting to-night on the old camp ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said "Good-bye."

3 We're tired of war on the old camp ground,
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true who've left their homes,
Others been wounded long.

4 We've been fighting to-day on the old camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

Tune—A., B., F., I.

124. THE BLUE BELLS OF SCOTLAND.

1 Oh where, and oh where does your Hieland laddie dwell? (*Twice*)
He dwells in merry Scotland, where the blue bells sweetly smell,
And oh! in my heart I love my laddie well. (*Repeat last two lines*)

2 Oh where, and oh where is your Hieland laddie gane? (*Twice*)
He's gane to fight for George, our king, and left us all alane;
For noble and brave is my loyal Hieland man. (*Repeat last two lines*)

3 Oh, what, lassie, what if your Hieland lad be slain? (*Twice*)
Oh, no! true love will be his guard and bring him safe again,
For I never could live without my Hieland man.

4 Oh when, and oh when will your Hieland lad come hame? (*Twice*)
Whene'er the war is o'er, he'll return to me with fame,
And I'll plait a wreath of flowers for my lovely Hieland man.

Tune—B., E., F.

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125. THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMOND.

M. LAWSON, *about* 1746.

1 By yon bonnie banks, and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon',
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomon'.

CHORUS.

Oh, ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
An' I'll be in Scotland afore ye;
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

2 'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
Where in purple hue, the Hieland hills we view,
An' the moon comin' oot in the gloamin'.

3 The wee birdies sing, and the wild flowers spring,
An' in sunshine the waters are sleepin',
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greetin'.

Tune—B., G., H.

126. THE BOOTS.

1 The festal day has come,
And brightly beams the morning;
The sun peeps forth afresh,
Our festal day adorning.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! hurrah!
The Festal day has come,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The Festal day has come!
Up-see, up-see, tra lalala, Upsee, up-see tra lalala!
Up-see, up-see, tra lalala, The Festal day has come,
I hear the boots, the boots, the boots,
The b-b-b-b-b-b-b-boots, Fra Diavolo, the Robber,
Fra Diavolo, the Robber,
I hear the boots, the boots, the boots
The b-b-b-b-b-b-b-boots, Fra Diavolo, the Robber,
Coming down the stairs.

2 Come, join in mirth and song,
With young hearts fondly beating;
Sip pleasure while we may,
For earthly joys are fleeting.

Tune—A.

127. THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

Sixteenth Century.

1 Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules,
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes there's none that can compare
With a tow row row row row row, to the British Grenadier.

2 Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand-grenades;
We throw them from the glacis about the enemies' ears,
Sing tow row row row row row, the British Grenadiers.

3 Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupéd clothes;
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow row row row row row, for the British Grenadiers.

Tune—B., C.

128. THE BULL-DOG.

1 Oh, the bull-dog on the bank,
And the bull-frog in the pool,
The bull-dog called the bull-frog
A green old water fool.

CHORUS.

Singing tra la la la la la la la la!
Singing tra la la la la la la!
Singing tra la la la la la!
Singing tra la la la la la!
Tra la la la, Tra la la la, tra la la la la la.

2 Oh, the bull-dog stooped to catch him,
And the snapper caught his paw,
The polly-wog died a-laughing,
To see him wag his jaw.

3 Says the monkey to the owl,
"Oh, what'll you have to drink?"
"Why, since you are so very kind,
I'll take a bottle of ink."

4 Oh, the bull-dog in the yard,
And the tom-cat on the roof,
Are practising the Highland fling,
And singing opera bouffe.

5 Says the tom-cat to the dog,
"Oh, set your ears agog;
For Jule's about to tête-à-tête
With Romeo *incog.*

6 Says the bull-dog to the cat,
"Oh, what do you think they're at?
They're spooning in the dead of night,
But where's the harm in that?"

7 Pharaoh's daughter on the bank,
Little Moses in the pool,
She fished him out with a telegraph pole,
And sent him off to school.

Tune—A., B.

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129. THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMING.

Written 1568.

The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Loch Leven,
The Campbells are comin', O ho, O ho,

1 Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
Upon the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
I looked down to bonnie Loch Leven,
And heard three bonnie pipers play.

2 The great Argyle, he goes before,
He makes the guns and cannon roar,
Wi' sound of trumpet, pipe and drum,
And banners waving in the sun.

3 The Campbells they are a' in arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show;
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', O-ho!
O-ho!

Tune—B.

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130. THE DUTCHMAN'S DOG.

1 Der sausage is good, bologna, of course:
Oh where, oh where can he be?
Dey makes dem mit dog, and dey makes dem mit horse,
And I fear that dey makes dem mit he.

CHORUS.

Oh where, oh where is my little dog gone?
Oh where, oh where can he be?
Mit his ears cut short and his tail cut long,
Oh where, oh where is he?

2 Whenever I sees a bologna I stop,
And I whistles this beautiful air,
But de sausages never run out of de shop,
So I know that my dog isn't there.

3 But either in London or Cambridge or York,
Or else in mein own Amsterdam,
My little dog's made into beef or to pork,
Unless he is chicken and ham.

4 De reason I tink my little wee dog
To sausages must have been mince:
I had a bologna for dinner last week,
And for sure I have growled ever since.

5 My little dog wags his stump of a tail,
Whenever he wishes for prog.;
If the tail were the strongest, I makes no doubt
The tail would waggle the dog.

131. THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME.

Eighteenth Century.

1 I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hills,
And o'er the moorland sedgy,
Such heaviness my bosom fills
Since parting with my Betsy.
I seek for one as fair and gay,
But find none to remind me
How blest the hours pass'd away
With the girl I left behind me.

2 The hour I remember well,
When first she owned she loved me;
A pain within my breast doth tell
How constant I have proved me.
But now I'm bound for Brighton camp,
Kind Heaven then pray guide me,
And send me home, safe back again,
To the girl I left behind me.

3 My mind her image must retain,
Asleep or sadly waking;
I long to see my love again,
For her my heart is breaking.
Whene'er my steps return that way,
Still faithful shall she find me,
And never more again I'll stray
From the girl I've left behind me.

Tune—B., F.

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132. THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS.

Words by THOMAS MOORE. *Air, "Molly Asthore."*

1 The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls.
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

2 No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord, alone, that breaks at night.
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes
The only throb she gives
Is when some heart, indignant, breaks,
To show that still she lives.

Tune—E., F., H., J.

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133. THE HEART BOWED DOWN.

From BALFE'S *"Bohemian Girl."*

1 The heart bowed down by weight of woe
To weakest hopes will cling;
To thought and impulse while they flow,
That can no comfort bring,
That can, that can no comfort bring.
With those exciting scenes will blend,
O'er pleasure's pathway thrown; but

CHORUS.

Mem'ry is the only friend
That grief can call its own.
(*Three times.*)

2 The mind will in its worst despair,
Still ponder o'er the past,
On moments of delight, that were
Too beautiful to last,
Too beautiful, too beautiful to last.
To long departed years extend
Its visions with them flown; for

Tune—B., E., G.

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134. THE LANDLADY'S DAUGHTER.

Translation by JAS. EDMUND JONES.

1 Three students that came from far over the Rhine
Once stopped at the door of an inn for some wine.

CHORUS.

(*Repeat last line of each verse.*)

2 "Kind landlady, have you good wine, I pray?
And where is your charming young daughter to-day?"

3 "My beer and my wine are refreshing and clear.
In her heavenly home is my daughter so dear."

4 And when they stepped into the chamber of death,
They gazed on the maiden, and each held his breath.

5 The veil from her face they first drew aside,
And looked at her sadly, and mournfully cried:

6 "Ah! didst thou but live, O maiden so pure,
From this very moment I'd love thee, I'm sure."

7 The veil o'er her face the second one drew,
And wept as he turned from the sorrowful view.

8 "Alas, that thou thus liest dead on thy bier!
For thee I have loved since many a year."

9 The third moved again the veil from its place,
And bent o'er the form, and kissed the pale face.

10 "Thee always I loved, thee love I to-day,
And thee shall I love for ever and aye."

Tune—A., C., D.

135. THE LONE FISH BALL.

1 There was a man went up and down,
To seek a dinner through the town.

CHORUS (*Repeat each verse.*)

2 What wretch is he who wife forsakes,
Who best of jams and waffles makes?

3 He feels his cash to know his pence,
And finds he has but just six cents.

4 He finds at last a right cheap place,
And enters in with modest face.

5 The bill of fare he searches through
To see what his six cents will do.

6 The cheapest viand of them all
Is "Twelve and a half cents for *two* fish-balls."

7 The waiter he to him doth call,
And gently whispers, "*One* fish-ball."

8 The waiter roars it through the hall,
The guests they start at "*One* fish-ball!"

9 The guest then says, quite ill at ease,
"A piece of bread, sir, if you please."

10 The waiter roars it through the hall,
"We don't give bread with *one* fish-ball."

MORAL.

11. Who would have bread with his fish-ball,
Must get it first, or not at all.

12 Who would fish-balls with *fixins* eat,
Must get some friend to stand a treat.

Tune—B.

136. THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

SAMUEL LOVER.

1 When first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay.
But when the hay was blooming grass,
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in her low-backed car,
The man at the turn-pike bar,
Never asked for the toll, but just rubbed his old poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

2 In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars,
With hostile scythes, demands the tithes
Of death, in warlike cars,
While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her bright eye,
That knock men down in the market-town,
As right and left they fly,
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art cannot cure the heart
That is hit from the low-backed car.

3 Sweet Peggy, round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these.
While she among her poultry sits,
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love!
While she sits in her low-backed car,
The lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken that Peggy is pickin',
As she sits in the low-backed car.

4 I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,
Than a coach-and-four and gold galore,
And a lady for my bride.
For the lady would sit forninst me,
On a cushion made with taste,
While Peggy would sit beside me,
With my arm around her waist;
As we drove in a low-backed car,
To be married by Father Mah'r,
Oh, my heart would beat high at her glance and sigh,
Though it beat in a low-backed car.

Tune—B., G.

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137. THE MAID FROM ALGOMA.

Arranged by JAS. EDMUND JONES.

1 "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho! heigho!
"I'm going to the 'Varsity, sir," she said,
"And I come away back from Algoma."

CHORUS.

Heave away, heigho! heigho!
Heave away, heigho! heigho!
"I'm going to the 'Varsity, sir," she said,
"And I come away back from Algoma."

2 "What to do there, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho! heigho!
"I'm going to be cultured, sir," she said,
"For I come away back from Algoma."

3 "What are your studies, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho! heigho!
"Chinese and Quaternions, sir," she said,
"And I come away back from Algoma."

4 "Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho! heigho!
"Cultured girls don't marry, sir," she said,
"And I go away back to Algoma."

Second Version.

1 "Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho! heigho!
"I'm going to a lecture, sir," she said.
"And I come away back from Algoma."

2 "May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho! heigho!
"You wouldn't understand it, sir," she said,
"For I come away back from Algoma."

3 "What is the subject, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho! heigho!
"Total extinction of man," she said,
"For I go away back to Algoma."

4 "Then who will marry you, my pretty maid?"
Heave away, heigho! heigho!
"—— will marry me, sir," she said,
"And we'll go away back to Algoma."

NOTE.—Vary each chorus by repeating last two lines of previous stanza.

Tune—A., D.

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138. THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER.

Words and Music by ALEXANDER MUIR.

1 In days of yore from Britain's shore
Wolfe, the dauntless hero, came,
And planted firm Britannia's flag
On Canada's fair domain.
Here may it wave, our boast, our pride,
And joined in love together,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose entwine,
The Maple Leaf forever!

CHORUS.

The Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
the Maple Leaf forever!
God save our King and Heaven
bless the Maple Leaf forever!

2 At Queenston Heights and Lundy's Lane,
Our brave fathers, side by side,
For freedom, homes, and loved ones dear,
Firmly stood and nobly died.
And those dear rights which they maintained,
We swear to yield them never!
Our watchword evermore shall be,
The Maple Leaf forever!

3 Our fair Dominion now extends
From Cape Race to Nootka Sound;
May peace forever be our lot
And plenteous store abound.
And may those ties of love be ours
Which discord cannot sever,
And flourish green o'er freedom's home,
The Maple Leaf forever!

4 On merry England's far-famed land,
May kind heaven sweetly smile,
God bless old Scotland evermore,
And Ireland's emerald isle!
Then swell the song, both loud and long,
Till rocks and forest quiver,
God save our king and heaven bless
The Maple Leaf forever!

Tune—A., B., C., I., J.

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139. THE MARSEILLAISE.

ROUGET DE LISLE, 1792.

1 Ye sons of France, awake to glory!
Hark, hark, what myriads bid you rise!
Your children, wives and grandsires hoary:
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Behold their tears and hear their cries!
Shall hateful tyrants, mischief breeding,
With hireling hosts, a ruffian band,
Affright and desolate the land
While peace and liberty lie bleeding?

CHORUS.

To arms, to arms, ye brave,
Th' avenging sword unsheathe!
March on, march on, all hearts resolved,
On victory or death.

2 With luxury and pride surrounded,
The vile, insatiate despots dare,
Their thirst of gold and power unbounded,
To mete and vend the light and air.
Like beasts of burden would they load us—
Like gods would bid their slaves adore—
But man is man—and who is more?
Then shall they longer lash and goad us?

3 O liberty! can man resign thee,
Once having felt thy generous flame?
Can dungeons, bolts and bars confine thee,
Or whips thy noble spirit tame?
Too long the world has wept, bewailing
That falsehood's dagger tyrants wield,
But freedom is our sword and shield,
And all their arts are unavailing.

Tune—A., B., C., I.

140. THE MERMAID.

1 'Twas Friday morn when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land,
When the Captain spied a lovely mermaid
With a comb and a glass in her hand.

CHORUS.

Oh, the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping to the tops,
And the land lubbers lie down below, below, below,
And the land lubbers lie down below.

2 Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken man was he:
"I have married me a wife in Salem-town,
And to-night she a widow will be."

3 Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a fat old cook was he;
"I care much more for my kettles and my pots
Than I do for the depths of the sea."

4 Then out spake the boy of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken laddie was he;
"I've a father and mother in Boston City,
But to-night they childless will be."

5 "Oh, the moon shines bright and the stars give light;
Oh, my mammy she'll be looking for me;
She may look, she may weep, she may look to the deep,
She may look to the bottom of the sea."

6 Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she;
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the depths of the sea.

Tune—A., B., C., I.

141. THE MINSTREL BOY.

Words by THOMAS MOORE. *Air—"Moreen."*

1 The minstrel boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him.
His father's sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.
"Land of Song," said the warrior bard,
"Tho' all the world betrays thee,

One sword at least thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

2 The minstrel fell, but the foemen's chain
Could not bring that proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder,
And said, "No chain shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery:
Thy songs were made for the pure and free;
They shall never sound in slavery."

Tune—A., B., E., F., I.

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142. THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

Words by S. Woodworth; *Music by* C. Kiallmark.

1 How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view;
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew.
The wide-spreading pond, the mill that stood by it,
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket that hung in the well.

Chorus.

The old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket,
The moss covered bucket that hung in the well.

2 The moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it inclined to my lips;
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips;
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell;
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

Tune—B., E., F.

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143. THE OLD RED CRADLE.

J. L. Gilbert.

1 Take me back to the days when the old cradle rocked,
In the sunshine of years that have fled,
To the good old trusty days when the door was never locked,
And we judged our neighbor's truth by what he said.
I remember of my years I had numbered almost seven,
And the old red cradle stood against the wall;
I was youngest of the five, and two were gone to heav'n,
But the old red cradle rocked us all.

CHORUS.

Rocking, rocking, gently rocking,
In time with the tick of the clock on the wall;
One by one the seconds marking,
That old red cradle rocked us all.

2 By its side father paused, with a little time to spare,
And the care-lines would soften on his brow;
Ah, 'twas but a little while that I knew a father's care,
But I fancy in my dreams I see him now.
And if e'er there came a day when my cheeks were flushed and hot,
When I did not mind my porridge or my play,
I would clamber up its side, and the pain would be forgot,
When the old red cradle rocked away.

3 Ay, it cradled one and all—brothers, sisters in it lay,
And it gave me the sweetest rest I've known;
But to-night the tears will flow, and I let them have their way,
For the passing years are leaving me alone.
By my mother it was rocked, when the evening meal was laid,
And again I seem to see her as she smiled:
When the rest were all in bed, 'twas then she knelt, and prayed
By the old red cradle and her child.

4 But the cradle long has gone, and the burdens that it bore
One by one have been gathered to the fold;
But the flock is incomplete, for it numbers only four,
With a dear one now left straying in the cold.
Heaven grant again we may in each other's arms be locked,
Where no bitter tears of parting ever fall,
God forbid that one be lost that the old red cradle rocked,
For that dear old cradle rocked us all.

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144. THE PIPE.

Tune—"A Wet Sheet and a Flowing Sea."

1 Of all things on earth that to joy give birth,
And render a man's heart jolly,
There's not, I'm sure, a better cure
Than a pipe for melancholy.
It can make a tiff pass off with a whiff,
And the joys of contentment borrow,
And the worst wars cease in a pipe of peace,
Which soothes the nerves of sorrow.

CHORUS.

Then hurrah for the pipe so rich and ripe,
With its amber mouth so yellow,
And the curling smoke that doth evoke
A fragrance mild and mellow.

2 Let philosophers rant of Fichte and Kant,
Of Hartley and his vibrations,
And puzzle their wits with Clarke, Leibnitz,
Time, space, and their relations.
Yet six feet space will end their race,
And prove their sciences trashes,
While Time with a wipe will break their pipe,
And Death knock out the ashes.

3 Let the soldier boast of the mighty host,
Of the pride and the pomp of battle,

Of the war-steed's bound, and the clarion's sound,
And the cannon's thundering rattle;
Yet there's more delight with a friend at night,
And a song and a pipe also,
Than in balls, and bombs, and fifes and drums,
And military show.

Tune—A., C.

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145. THE POACHERS OF LINCOLNSHIRE.

1 When I was bound apprentice,
In famous Lincolnshire,
I served my master faithfully
For more than seven year,
Till I took up to poaching,
As you shall quickly hear.

CHORUS.

For 'tis my delight of a shiny night,
In the season of the year! (*Twice*)

2 As me and my companions
Were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper—
For him we didn't care;
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys,—
Jump over anywhere.

3 As me and my companions
Were setting four and five,
And taking of them up again,
We took the hare alive;
We popped her into a bag, my boys,
And thro' the wood did steer.

4 I threw her on my shoulders,
And wandered through the town.
We took her to a neighbor's house,
And sold her for a crown;
We sold her for a crown, my boys,
But I didn't tell you where,—

5 Success to every gentleman
Who lives in Lincolnshire!
Success to every poacher
That wants to sell a hare;
Bad luck to every gamekeeper
That will not sell his deer,—

Tune—A., C.

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146. THE ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND.

Words and Music by LEVERIDGE.

1 When mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food,
It ennobled our hearts and enriched our blood.
Our soldiers were brave and our courtiers were good.

CHORUS.

Oh, the Roast Beef of Old England!
And oh, for old England's Roast Beef!

2 Our fathers of old were robust, stout and strong,
And kept open house, with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump tenants rejoice in this song.

3 When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne,
Ere coffee, or tea, or such slip-slops were known,
The world was in terror if e'er she did frown.

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147. THE SPANISH CAVALIER.

WM. D. HENDRICKSON.

1 A Spanish cavalier stood in his retreat,
And on his guitar play'd a tune, dear;
The music so sweet they'd oft-times repeat,
The blessing of my country and you, dear.

CHORUS.

Say, darling, say, when I'm far away,
Sometimes you may think of me, dear;
Bright sunny days will soon fade away,
Remember what I say, and be true, dear.

2 I am off to the war, to the war I must go,
To fight for my country and you, dear;
But if I should fall, in vain would I call
The blessing of my country and you, dear.

3 And when the war is o'er, to you I'll return,
Back to my country and you, dear;
But if I be slain, you may seek me in vain;
Upon the battlefield you will find me.

Tune—C.

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148. THE SPANISH GUITAR.

Words arranged by W. J. HEALY *and* JAMES EDMUND JONES.

1 When I was a student at Cadiz,
I played on the Spanish guitar, ching, ching;
I used to make love to the ladies,
I think of them still from afar, ching, ching.

CHORUS.

Ring ching ching, ring ching ching,
Ring out ye bells,
Oh, ring out ye bells, oh, ring out ye bells,
Ring ching ching, ring ching ching,
Ring out ye bells,
As I play on my Spanish guitar.

2 I was four years a student at Cadiz,
Where nothing one's pleasure can mar, ching, ching;
And where many a beautiful maid is,
Oh, I strumm'd and I twang'd my guitar, ching, ching.

3 Oh, I sang serenades there at Cadiz,
Till I got an attack of catarrh, ching, ching;
Though no more I could serenadize,
Still I played on my Spanish guitar, ching, ching.

4 When at last the train bore me from Cadiz,
The ladies all wept round the car, ching, ching;
Oh, it grieved me to part from those ladies,
But I carried away my guitar. ching, ching.

5 I'm no longer a student at Cadiz,
But I play on the Spanish guitar, ching, ching;
And still I am fond of the ladies,
Though now I'm a happy papa, ching, ching.

Tune—A.

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149. THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.

Words by FRANCIS SCOTT KEY; *Music by* SAMUEL ARNOLD.

Oh! say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming,
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watched, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still there.
Oh, say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?
(*Repeat last two lines.*)

Tune—B., C., E., F.

150. THE TARPAULIN JACKET.

1 A tall, stalwart Lancer lay dying,
And as on his deathbed he lay,
To his friends who around him were sighing
These last dying words did he say.

CHORUS.

Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket, jacket,
And say a poor buffer lies low, lies low,
And six stalwart Lancers shall carry me, carry me,
With steps solemn, mournful and slow.

2 Had I the wings of a little dove,
Far, far away would I fly,
Straight to the arms of my true love,
There would I lay me and die.

3 Then get you two little white tombstones,
Put them one at my head and my toe,
And get you a penknife, and scratch there,
"Here lies a poor buffer below."

4 And get you six brandies and sodas,
And lay them out all in a row,
And get you six jolly good fellows,
To drink to this buffer below.

5 And then in the calm of the twilight,
When the soft winds are whispering low,
And the darkening shadows are falling,
Sometimes think of this buffer below.

Tune—A., C.

151. THE THREE CROWS.

1 There were three crows sat on a tree,
(*Cho.*) O, Billy Magee, Magar!
There were three crows sat on a tree,
And they were black as black could be,
(*Cho.*) And they all flapped their wings and cried, Caw, Caw, Caw! (*Twice*)

2 Said one old crow unto his mate,
(*Cho.*) O, Billy Magee, Magar!
Said one old crow unto his mate,
What shall we do for grub to ate?

3 There lies a horse on yonder plain,
(*Cho.*) O, Billy Magee, Magar!
There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain.

4 We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
(*Cho.*) O, Billy Magee, Magar!
We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
And pick his eyes out one by one.

5 The meat we'll eat before it's stale,
(*Cho.*) O, Billy Magee, Magar!
The meat we'll eat before it's stale,
Till nought remains but bones and tail.

Tune—A., C.

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152. THE TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

DIBDIN.

1 Daddy Neptune one day to Freedom did say,
"If ever I live upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be little Britain;"
Says Freedom, "Why, that's my own island!"
Oh, what a snug little island!
A right little, tight little island!
All round the globe, none can be found
So happy as this little island.

CHORUS.

(*Repeat last four lines of each verse.*)

2 Julius Caesar, the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water, he couldn't come by land;
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon their homes turn'd their backs on,
And all for the sake of our island.
Oh, what a snug little island!
They'd all have a touch at the island,
Some were shot dead—some of them fled,
And some stay'd to live on the island.

3 Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried, "Hang it! I never liked my land;
It would be much more handy to leave this Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful island."
Says he, "'Tis a snug little island,
Shan't us go visit the island?"
Hop, skip, and jump—there he was plump,
And he kick'd up a dust in the island.

4 Yet party deceit helped the Normans to beat,
Of traitors they managed to buy land;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we ne'er had been lick'd,
Had they stuck to the King of the island.
Poor Harold, the King of the island,
He lost both his life and his island;
That's very true—what could he do?
Like a Briton he died for his island.

5 Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade her,
Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,
They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing in the island.
Oh! the poor Queen and the island,
The drones came to plunder the island,
But snug in her hive, the Queen was alive,
And buzz was the word in the island.

6 These proud, puffed-up cakes thought to make ducks and drakes
Of our wealth: but they scarcely could spy land,
Ere our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck,
And stoop to the lads of the island.
Huzzah for the lads of the island;
The good wooden walls of the island;
Foes one by one, let them come on,
But how'd they come off at the island?

7 I don't wonder much that the French and the Dutch
Have since been oft tempted to try land,
And I wonder much less they have met no success,
For why should we give up our island?
Oh, 'tis a wonderful island!
All of 'em long for the island.
Hold a bit there, let 'em take fire and air,
But we'll have the sea, and the island.

8 Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune,
In each saying, "This shall be my land,"
And the men of old England are true to their kingland,
We'd show them some play for our island.

We'd fight for our right to the island,
We'd give them enough of the island;
Invaders should just bite at the dust,
But not a bit more of the island.
Tune—I.

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153. THE TRAMP'S SONG.

Music by JAS. EDMUND JONES.

1 'Way down in yonder valley,
The mist is like a sea,
Though the sun be scarcely risen,
There is light enough for me.
For be it early morning,
Or be it late at night,
Cheerily ring our footsteps,
Right, left, right!

CHORUS.

For be it early morning,
Or be it late at night,
Cheerily ring our footsteps,
Right, left, right.
'Mid evening's dusky shadows,
In morning's rosy light,
Cheerily ring our footsteps,
Right, left, right.

2 We wander by the woodland
That hangs upon the hill,
Hark, the cock is tuning
His morning clarion shrill.
And hurriedly awaking
From his nest amid the spray,
Cheerily now the blackbird
Whistling greets the day.

3 We gaze upon the streamlet
As o'er the bridge we lean,
We watch its hurried ripples,
We watch its golden green.
Oh, the men of the north are stalwart,
And the woodland lasses fair,
And cheerily breathes around us
The bracing woodland air.
Tune—A., D.

154. THE VICAR OF BRAY.

17TH CENTURY.

1 In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous High Churchman was I,
And so I got preferment;
To teach my flock I never missed,
Kings were by God appointed,
And damn'd are those who do resist
Or touch the Lord's anointed.

CHORUS.

And this is law, I will maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king may reign,
Still I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir.

2 When royal James obtained the crown,
And Pop'ry came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration;
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution,
And had become a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.

3 When William was our King declared,
To ease a nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steered,
And swore to him allegiance;
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.

4 When gracious Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional Conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation,
And thought the Church in danger was,
By such prevarication.

5 When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, sir,
I turned a cat-in-pan once more,
And so became a Whig, sir;
And thus, preferment I procured
From our new faith's defender,
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.

The illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear
While they can keep possession.
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be,
Until the times do alter.

Tune—A., C., G.

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155. THE WATERMELON.

1 Oh, see dat watermelon a-smiling through de fence!
How I wish dat watermelon it was mine!
Oh, de white folks must be foolish, dey need a heap ob sense,
Or dey'd nebber leab it dar upon de vine.

CHORUS.

Oh, de ham-bone am sweet, and de bacon am good,
And de possum-fat am bery, bery fine;
But gib me, yes, gib me, oh, how I wished you would,
Dat watermelon smilin' on de vine.

2 You may talk about your apples, your peaches and your pears,
And your 'simmons hanging on de 'simmon tree.
But bless my heart, my honeys, dat truck it ain't nowheres—
Oh, de watermelon am de fruit for me.

3 When de dewdrops dey is fallin' dat melon's gwine to cool,
And I guess den it will taste most awful fine,
So I's gwine to come and fetch it or else I is a fool
If I leabs it dar a-smilin' on de vine.

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156. THEN YOU'LL REMEMBER ME.

From BALFE'S *"Bohemian Girl."*

1 When other lips and other hearts
Their tales of love shall tell,
In language whose excess imparts,
The power they feel so well,
There may perhaps in such a scene
Some recollection be
Of days that have as happy been,
And you'll remember me.
And you'll remember, you'll remember me.

2 When coldness or deceit shall slight
The beauty now they prize,
And deem it but a faded light
Which beams within your eyes;
When hollow hearts shall wear a mask,
'Twill break your own to see,
In such a moment I but ask
That you'll remember me;
That you'll remember, you'll remember me.

Tune—B., E., G., I., J.

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157. THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN.

1 There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free,
And never, never thinks of me.

CHORUS.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part;
Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu!
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you,
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

2 He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
And now my love, once true to me,
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.

3 Oh, dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove,
To signify I died of love.

Tune—A., C., G.

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158. THOSE EVENING BELLS.

Words by THOMAS MOORE; *Music by* J. D. KERRISON.

1 Those evening bells, those evening bells;
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth and home and that sweet time
When last I heard their soothing chime.

CHORUS.

(*Repeat last two lines of each verse.*)

2 Those joyous hours are passed away,
And many a heart that then was gay
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

3 And so 'twill be when I am gone;
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
While other bards shall walk these dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells.

Tune—A., B.

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159. THREE BLIND MICE.

(Round.)

1 Three blind mice, (*Three times*)

2 See how they run, (*Three times*)

3 They all ran after the farmer's wife,
She cut their tails off with a carving knife; did you ever see such fun in your life?

Tune—B.

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160. TO THE NORTH.

Words by J. D. SPENCE; *Music by* JAS. EDMUND JONES.

1 We care not if the world be wide,
Nor South nor East nor golden West,
Can match the Northland's rugged pride,
The North, the hardy North's the best.
To the North, to the North we go!
To the North, where the pine trees grow.

CHORUS.

To the North, to the North we go,
To the North, where the pine trees grow.
Then it's ho! for the gleaming paddle,
And it's ho! for the line and rod,
And the rushing fall and the pine trees tall,
And the waters bright and broad.

With pots and pans and pails galore,
With hams and jams a goodly store,
With a ton or two of dunnage and
a few things more,
To the North, to the North we go,
To the North, where the pine trees
grow.

Who yearns for palmy Southern seas?
Who longs to dream the languorous hours,
To fritter in luxurious ease
His vigorous manhood's early powers?
To the North, to the North we go!
To the North, where the fresh winds blow.

3 Who longs for dainties rich and rare,
For cooling wines and liqueurs hot,
That once has known the simpler fare
That fills the camper's generous pot?
To the North, to the North we go!
To the North, where the black bass grow.

4 Who would not flee the whirl and strife,
The anxious brow, the ceaseless strain,
To drink again the milk of life,
To feel himself a child again?
To the North, to the North we go!
To the North, from the debts we owe.

5 Let others sail the sluggish streams
That murmur through the quiet night,
Give us the glorious sun, that gleams
On curving green and foaming white.
To the North, to the North we go!
To the North, where the torrents flow.

6 So, till with age our spirits flag,
And hearts beat fainter, year by year,
The North shall fling from crag to crag
The echo of our boisterous cheer.
To the North, to the North we go!
To the North, to the North, Yo ho!

NOTE.—Use the last line of each stanza for the last line of each chorus.
Tune—D., H.

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161. TO THE NORTH, TO THE LAND OF PINE.

Words by M. O. KLOTZ; *Music by* JAS. EDMUND JONES.

1 Hurrah for the North, with its hills of pine,
And its lakes with fir-fringed shores;
Hurrah for the streams that shimmer and shine,
Or toss their wild torrent down steep decline,
And sing in the rapids' roars,
And sing in the rapids' roars.

CHORUS.

Then come to the North, to the land of the pine,
Come along, come along with me!
Then come to the North, where the days are fine,
To the North, to the land of the free.

2 Who cares for the biting blasts that blow
From the Pole, with their snow and sleet,
With a tent above and spruce boughs below,
And a pipe to cheer ere to rest we go,
Who fears King Frost to meet?

3 Or, when softly sighs the summer breeze,
And all nature laughs with glee,
When ev'n the trout will commune with the trees,
And the rugged old rocks whisper low to the seas,
Who'd not a bold Northman be?

4 So give me my paddle and birch canoe,
Cut me loose from Dame Grundy's decree,
With trader and trapper the wild North I'll woo,
With nothing to fear there is naught I can't do,
For the North is the land of the free.

Tune—D.

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162. TOM BOWLING.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

1 Here a sheer hulk lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broached him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty.
His heart was kind and soft.
Faithful below, Tom did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.
(*Repeat last line*)

2 Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare.
His friends were many and true-hearted;
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft!

3 Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus death, who kings and tars despatches,
In vain Tom's life hath doff'd,
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

Tune—B., G., H.

163. TRABLING BACK TO GEORGIA.

Words by A. H. FRENCH; *Music by* C. D. BLAKE.

1 I'se trabling back to Georgia,
Dat good ole land to see,
The place I lef' to wander,
The day that I was free.
I'se getting ole and weary,
And tir'd of roaming, too,
So on my way to Dixie,
I'll say good-bye to you.

CHORUS.

I'se trabling back (He's trabling back),
Yes, trabling back (Yes, trabling back),
I'se trabling night and day.
I'se trabling back to Georgia,
I'se trabling night and day,
I'se trabling back to Georgia,
For I cannot keep away.

2 I'se trabling back to Georgia,
The place where I was born,
Among the fields of cotton,
The sugar cane and corn.
So happy with old Massa,
A-living in the lane.
To see de ole plantation,
I'se trabling back again.

3 To live and die in Georgia,
Dat's good enough for me;
I'll hoe the corn and cotton,
And, oh! so happy be;
I'll hunt the coon and possum,
And dance and sing and play.
And when I once get back there,
I'll never come away.

4 I'se trabling back to Georgia,
To see the darkeys there;
And see my old Aunt Dinah.
Oh, golly! won't she stare.
We'll dance all night till morning
By the banjo's sweet refrain,
And have a celebration,
When I get back again.

164. TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1 In the prison camp I sit,
Thinking, mother dear, of you,
And our bright and happy home so far away;
And the tears they fill my eyes
Spite of all that I can do,
Though I try to cheer my comrades and be gay.

CHORUS.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come;
And beneath the glorious flag we shall breathe the air again,
Of the free land in our own beloved home.

2 In the battle-front we stood,
When their fiercest charge they made,
And they swept us off a hundred men or more,
But before we reached their lines
They were beaten back dismayed,
And we heard the cry of vict'ry o'er and o'er.

3 So, within the prison camp
We are waiting for the day
We one and all are longing, longing for;
And the hollow eye grows bright,
And the poor heart almost gay,
As we think of seeing home and friends once more.

Tune—B., C., F., J.

165. TRUE LOVE.

Translation by J. D. SPENCE.

1 Ah! can it truly be
That I must part from thee!
Dearer art thou to me
Than all beside.

Thou hast this soul of mine
So closely knit to thine,
No other can I love
Than thee alone.

2 Blue the forget-me-not,
Emblem of constancy;
Close press it to thy breast,
And think of me.
Though flower and hope decay,
Rich we in love alway:
My heart's deep love for thee
Never can die.

3 Were I a bird, on high,
Far through the air I'd fly;
No hawk should daunt me then,
Winging to thee.
Struck by the huntsman's dart,
Sinking upon thy heart,
There, should'st thou weep for me,
Fain would I die.

Tune—A., B., C., F.

166. UN CANADIEN ERRANT.

French-Canadian.

1 Un Canadien errant,
Banni de ses foyers,
Parcourait en pleurant,
Des pays étrangers.
Parcourait en pleurant,
Des pays étrangers.

2 Un jour, triste et pensif,
Assis au bord des flots,
Au courant fugitif,
Il adressa ces mots.

3 "Si tu vois mon pays,
Mon pays malheureux,
Va, dis à mes amis
Que je me souviens d'eux.

4 "O jours si pleins d'appas,
Vous êtes disparus,
Et ma patrie, hélas!
Je ne te verrai plus!

5 "Plongé dans les malheurs,
Loin de mes chers parents,
Je passe dans les pleurs
D'infortunés moments."

6 Non, mais en expirant,
O mon cher Canada!
Mon regard languissant
Vers toi se portera.

Tune—A.

167. UN CANADIEN ERRANT.

Translation by B. MORTON JONES.

1 An exile lone and sad
From Canada and home,
By fate in foreign lands
Doomed evermore to roam;

2 One day, in pensive mood,
Seated a stream beside,
To the fast-flowing wave,
Thus, weeping low, he cried:

3 "If thou, in onward course,
Shouldst see my land, oh, then,
Go, tell my friends that I
Mindful of them remain.

4 "O hours so full of joy,
Fled with the years long o'er,
And thee, my native land,
I shall behold no more.

5 "Plunged in the depths of woe,
No friend to soothe appears;
The moments as they pass
Bring only sighs and tears.

6 "When low within my breast
Life's flickering spark shall burn,
To thee, O Canada,
My dying eye shall turn."

Tune—A.

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168. UPIDEE.

1 The shades of night were comin' down swift,
Upidee, Upida.
The snow was heapin' up drift on drift,
Upideeida!
Through a Yankee village a youth did go,
A-carrying a flag with this motto.

CHORUS.

Upideei, dee-i-da, Upidee, Upida,
Upideei, dee-i-da, Upidee, ida.

2 O'er his high forehead curl'd copious hair,
He'd a Roman nose and complexion fair,
He'd a light blue eye and an auburn lash,
An' he ever kept a-shoutin' through his moustache.

3 He saw through the windows as he kept a-gettin' upper,
A number of families sittin' at supper,
But he eyed those slippery rocks very keen,
And fled as he cried, and cried while a-fleein'—

4 "Oh, take care you," said the old man, "stop!
It's blowin' gales up there on top;
You'll tumble off on the other side."
But the hurryin' stranger still replied—

5 "Oh, don't go up such a shockin' bad night,
Come sleep on my lap," said a maiden bright;
On his Roman nose a tear-drop come,
But still he remarked as he upward clumb—

6 "Look out for the branch of the sycamore tree,
Dodge rollin' stones if any you see;"
Sayin' which the farmer went to bed,
But the singular voice replied overhead—

7 About a quarter past six the next forenoon,
A man accidentally goin' up soon,
Heard spoken above him as much as twice,
Those very same words in a very weak voice—

8 Not far, I believe, from a quarter of seven,
He was slow gettin' up, the road bein' uneven;
He found buried up in the snow and the ice,
The boy and his flag with the strange device—

9 He's dead, defunct, without a doubt.
The lamp of his life has entirely gone out;
On the drear hill-side the youth was a-layin',
And there was no more use for him to be a-sayin'—

Tune—A., B., C.

169. VIVE LA CANADIENNE.

French-Canadian.

1 Vive la Canadienne,
Vole, mon coeur, vole,
Vive la Canadienne,
Et ses jolis yeux doux.
Et ses jolis yeux doux, doux, doux,
Et ses jolis yeux doux.

CHORUS.

(*Repeat first four lines of first verse.*)

2 Nous la menons aux noces,
Vole, mon coeur, vole,
Nous la menons aux noces,
Dans tous ses beaux atours,
Dans tous ses beaux atours, tours, tours,
Dans tous ses beaux atours.

3 Nous faisons bonne chère,
Vole, mon coeur, vole,
Nous faisons bonne chère,
Et nous avons bon gôut.

4 On danse avec nos blondes,
Vole, mon coeur, vole,
On danse avec nos blondes,
Nous changeons tour à tour.

5 Alors toute la terre,
Vole, mon coeur, vole,
Alors toute la terre,
Nous appartient en tout.

6 Ainsi le temps se passe,
Vole, mon coeur, vole,
Ainsi le temps se passe,
Il est vraiment bien doux.

Tune—A.

170. VIVE LA COMPAGNIE.

1 Bring hither a beaker and fill it with wine,
Vive la compagnie!
And pledge Alma Mater* with ninety times nine,
Vive la compagnie!

Oh, vive le, vive le, vive le roi,
Vive le, vive le, vive le roi,
Vie le roi, vive la reine, vive la compagnie.

2 Let every old bachelor fill up his glass,
And drink to the health of his favorite lass.

3 Let every old married man drink to his wife,
The friend of his bosom and comfort of life.

4 Come fill up your glasses—I'll give you a toast,
Here's a health to our friend—our kind, worthy host.

5 Since all, with good humor, I've toasted so free,
I hope it will please you to drink now with me.

Tune—A., B.

171. WAIT FOR THE WAGON.

R. B. BUCKLEY.

1 Will you come with me, my Phyllis dear,
To yon blue mountain free,
Where the blossoms smell the sweetest,
Come rove along with me.
It's every Sunday morning,
When I am by your side,
We'll jump into the wagon,
And all take a ride.

*"Our Old Club," "This great lodge," etc., etc.

CHORUS.

Wait for the wagon, wait for the wagon,
Wait for the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

2 Where the river runs like silver,
And the birds they sing so sweet,
I'll have a cabin, Phyllis,
And something good to eat.
Come, listen to my story,
It will relieve my heart,
So jump into the wagon,
And off we will start.

3 Do you believe, my Phyllis dear,
Old Mike with all his wealth
Can make you half so happy
As I with youth and health?
We'll have a little farm,
A horse, a pig, and cow;
And you will mind the dairy,
While I will guide the plow.

4 Together on life's journey,
We'll travel till we stop,
And if we have no trouble,
We'll reach the happy top,
Then come with me, sweet Phyllis,
My dear, my lovely bride,
We'll jump into the wagon,
And all take a ride.

Tune—E.

172. 'WAY UP ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP-TIP-TOP.

1 Hark! I hear a voice 'way up on the mountain top-tip-top,
Descending down below, descending down below; (*Twice*)

CHORUS.

Let us all unite in love,
Trusting in the powers above. (*Twice*)
Merrily now we roll, roll, roll, roll, roll, roll,
Merrily now we roll, roll o'er the deep blue sea.

2 Little Jacky Horner
A-sitting in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He stuck in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a big boy am I."

3 Old Mother Hubbard,
She went to the cupboard,
To get her poor dog a bone;
But when she got there
The cupboard was bare,
And so the poor doggy had none.

Tune—A., B.

173. WE'D BETTER BIDE A WEE.

CLARIBEL.

1 The puir auld folk at hame, ye mind,
Are frail and failing sair,
And well I ken they'd miss me, lad,
Gin I came hame nae mair.
The grist is out, the times are hard,
The kine are only three;

CHORUS.

I canna leave the auld folk now,
We'd better bide a wee.
I canna leave the auld folk now,
We'd better bide a wee.

2 When first we told our story, lad,
Their blessing fell sae free;
They gave nae thought to self at all;
They did but think of me.
But, laddie, that's a time awa',
And mither's like to dee.

3 I fear me sair, they're failing baith,
For, when I sit apart,
They'll talk o' heaven sae earnestly
It well nigh breaks my heart.
So, laddie, dinna urge me mair,
It surely winna be.

Tune—B., F.

174. WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW.

1 Oh, who is like my Johnnie, Sae leish, sae blithe, sae bonnie!
He's foremost 'mang the mony Keel lads o' coaly Tyne.

He'll set or row so tightly, Or in the dance sae sprightly,
He'll cut and shuffle sightly, 'Tis true, were he not mine.

CHORUS.

Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row that my lad's in.

2 He has nae mair o' learning Than tells his weekly earning;
Yet right frae wrong discerning, Tho' brave, nae bruiser he;
Tho' he no worth a plack is, His ain coat on his back is;
And nane can say that black is The white o' Johnnie's e'e.

3 He wears a blue bonnet, Blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, A dimple's in his chin;
And weel may the keel row, The keel row, the keel row,
And weel may the keel row That my lad's in.

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175. WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME.

LOUIS LAMBERT. *Same tune as "The Three Crows."*

1 When Johnny comes marching home again,
(*Cho.*) Hurrah, hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then,
(*Cho.*) Hurrah, hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies, they will all turn out,
(*Cho.*) And we'll all feel gay,
When Johnny comes marching home. (*Twice*)

2 The old church bell will peal with joy,
To welcome home our darling boy;
The village lads and lassies say
With roses they will strew the way.

3 Get ready for the jubilee;
We'll give the hero three times three.
The laurel wreath is ready now
To place upon his loyal brow.

4 Let love and friendship on that day
Their choicest treasures then display,
And let each one perform his part,
To fill with joy the warrior's heart.
Tune—A., B., C.

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176. WHEN YOU AND I WERE YOUNG.

Words by GEO. W. JOHNSON; *Music by* J. A. BUTTERFIELD.

1 I wandered to-day to the hill, Maggie,
To watch the scene below,
The creek and the creaking old mill, Maggie,
As we used to long ago.
The green grove is gone from the hill, Maggie,
Where first the daisies sprung,
The creaking old mill is still, Maggie,
Since you and I were young.

CHORUS.

And now we are aged and gray, Maggie,
And the trials of life nearly done,
Let us sing of the days that are gone, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

A city so silent and lone, Maggie,
Where the young and the gay and the best,
In polished white mansions of stone, Maggie,
Have each found a place of rest,
Is built where the birds used to play, Maggie,
And join in the songs that were sung;
For we sang as gaily as they, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

3 They say I am feeble with age, Maggie,
My steps are less sprightly than then;
My face is a well-written page, Maggie,
But time alone was the pen.
They say we are aged and gray, Maggie,
As sprays by the white breakers flung;
But to me you're as fair as you were, Maggie,
When you and I were young.

Tune—B., J.

177. WHO KILLED COCK ROBIN?

1 Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the sparrow, "with my bow and arrow,
I killed Cock Robin."

CHORUS.

All the birds of the air fell a-sighing and a-sobbing,
When they heard of the death of poor Cock Robin.
Tra la, la la la la.
(*Repeat last line four times*)

2 Who saw him die?
"I," said the fly, "with my little eye,
I saw him die."

3 Who'll toll the bell?
"I," said the bull, "because I can pull,
I'll toll the bell."

4 Who'll dig his grave?
"I," said the owl, "with my little trowel,
I'll dig his grave."

5 Who'll be the parson?
"I," said the rook, "with my bell and book,
I'll be the parson."

6 Who'll be chief mourner?
"I," said the dove, "I mourn for my love,
I'll be chief mourner."

Tune—C., H.

178. WHO'S THE BEST MAN IN THIS TOWN?

Tune, "Bonnie Laddie, Hieland Laddie."

Who's the best man in this town?
(*Fill in some name.*)
Who's the best man in this town?
(*Fill in some name.*)
We're some soldier boys ourselves,
We're some soldiers, we're some sailors,
But the best man in this town
Is (*Fill in name*).

Tune—H.

179. WHO'S THAT CALLING?

Words and Music by J. B. LAWREER.

1 The moon is beaming o'er the sparkling rill,
(*Cho.*) Who's that a-calling?
The flowers are sleeping on the plain and hill,
(*Cho.*) Who's that calling so sweet?
While the birds are resting till the golden dawn,
(*Cho.*) Who's that a-calling?
'Twas like the singing of the one now gone,
(*Cho.*) Who's that calling so sweet?

CHORUS.

Who's that a-calling? Who's that a-calling?
Is it the one we long to greet?
Who's that a-calling? Who's that a-calling?
Who's that a-calling so sweet?

2 The leaves are rustling 'neath the star-lit sky,
The streamlet murmurs as it passes by.
Oh, is it a message from far o'er the sea?
Is it my darling who now speaks to me?

Tune—C.

180. WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?

Words by BARONESS NAIRN (1766-1845.)

1 Bonnie Charlie's noo awa,
Safely o'er the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.

CHORUS.

Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be.
Will ye no come back again?

2 Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie!
They kent your hiding in the glen,
Death and exile braving.

3 English bribes were a' in vain,
Tho' puir and puirer we maun be;
Siller canna buy the heart
That aye beats warm for thine and thee.

4 We watched thee in the gloamin' hour,
We watched thee in the mornin' grey;
Though thirty thousand pounds they gi'e,
Oh, there is nane that wad betray!

5 Sweet's the laverock's note, and lang,
Liltin' wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
"Will ye no come back again?"

Tune—C., I.

SECOND PART

181. A CAPITAL SHIP.

1 A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the Walloping Window Blind;
No wind that blew dismayed her crew,
Or troubled the Captain's mind.
The man at the wheel was made to feel
Contempt for the wildest blow-ow-ow,
Though it often appeared, when the gale had cleared,
That he'd been in his bunk below.

CHORUS.

Then blow ye winds, heigho!
A-roving I will go,
I'll stay no more on England's shore,
So let the music play-ay-ay;
I'm off for the morning train,
I'll cross the raging main!
I'm off to my love with a boxing glove,
Ten thousand miles away.

2 The bo'swain's mate was very sedate,
Yet fond of amusement, too,
He played hop-scotch with the starboard watch,
While the Captain he tickled the crew.
And the gunner we had was apparently mad,
For he sat on the after rai-ai-ail,
And fired salutes with the Captain's boots,
In the teeth of the booming gale.

3 The Captain sat on the commodore's hat,
And dined in a royal way,
Off toasted pigs and pickles and figs,
And gunnery bread each day.
And the cook was Dutch, and behaved as such,
For the diet he gave the crew-ew-ew,
Was a number of tons of hot cross buns,
Served up with sugar and glue.

4 All nautical pride we laid aside,
And we ran the vessel ashore,
On the Gulliby Isles, where the Poopoo smiles,
And the rubbly ubdugs roar.
And we sat on the edge of a sandy ledge,
And shot at the whistling bee-ee-ee,
And the cinnamon bats wore waterproof hats,
As they dipped in the shiny sea.

5 On Rugbug bark, from morn till dark,
We dined till we all had grown
Uncommonly shrunk; when a Chinese junk
Came up from the Torriby Zone.
She was chubby and square, but we didn't much care,
So we cheerily put to see-ee-ee,
And we left all the crew of the junk to chew
On the bark of the Rugbug tree.

Tune—A., C.

182. BE BRITISH.

Words by LENTEN; *Music by* FREDERICK SHUTTLEWORTH.

1 Britishers are proud thro'out the whole wide world
To hear of valiant deeds by comrades brave.
Their bravery on land and sea by ev'ryone is told,
Of their dear lives they've lost to others save.
The words by Nelson signalled as he entered in the fray
Are treasured by the Anglo-Saxon race,
And all the nations know, when there is duty to be done,
That Britishers can meet it face to face.

CHORUS.

"England expects that ev'ry man, this day will do his duty,"
These were the words of the Great Sea-lord. "For England, home and beauty;"
And by the Liner's Captain brave, as from the bridge demanded,
"Be British," were the words he used, "Be British," he commanded.

2 Nations rise and fall, as history's pages tell,
We'll strive to hold the British nation high;
Be true to your own motherland, and ever may it be
The motherland and home, your dearest cry.
And when your country needs you, may your heart be fond and true;
"Be British," let your one desire be,
Where'er you walk in this wide world, where'er you chance to be,
You are but Britain's son across the sea.

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183. BOYS OF THE KING.

Words by CLIFTON BINGHAM; *Music by* EMERSON JAMES.

1 There's an Island in the sea,
Home to you and home to me,
Home to all her sons where'er they roam;
For no matter where they are,
Britain's Isle is near or far,
The land they one and all call Home!
The peace our Isle enjoys
Is guarded by her boys,
The sons of those who are no more:
The gallant and the tried
Who fought and fell and died,
In her defence, in days of yore!

CHORUS.

Boys of the King of England,
Sons of the Empire true,
Steady and ever ready,
Soldiers and lads in blue.

Telling the same brave story,
Still Britain's fame shall ring,
Guarding their home, on land or foam,
Boys of old England's King.

2 Should there come the hour of need,
As before, they'll fight in deed,
For the Flag, that's dear to one and all;
Be the danger what it may,
Ready now as yesterday,
If their Island and their King should call;
They'll keep her glorious name,
They'll guard her scroll of Fame,
And the story of her glory sing;
It never shall be said
That Britain's fame is dead,
While we've the Boys of England's King.

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184. DREAM FACES.

Words and Music by W. M. HUTCHISON.

1 The shadows lie across the dim old room,
The firelight glows, and fades into the gloom;
While mem'ry sails to childhood's distant shore,
And dreams, and dreams of days that are no more.

CHORUS.

Sweet dreamland faces passing to and fro
Bring back to mem'ry days of long ago.
Murmuring gently still the old refrain,
"Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet again."

2 Once more I see across the distant years
A face long gone, with all its smiles and tears;
Once more I press a tender, loving hand,
And with my darling 'neath the old oak stand.

3 But all I loved are gone, and I alone in life
To wait, and wait, and wait till Death shall end the strife;
Until once more I join the hearts that loved me best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.

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185. HAIL, KING GEORGE!

Words by CLIFTON BINGHAM; *Music by* EDWARD ST. QUENTIN.

1 Hail! hail! King George! Sailor Monarch, Son of Ocean,
From ev'ry heart rings a cry of deep devotion;
Bearer of the great name your ancestors bore,
May you uphold it, as kings have done before!
God protect our Sailor King, peace he found, peace may he bring!
Long may he rule us, with fervent hearts we sing.

CHORUS.

Hail! Hail! King George! Welcome, Sailor King!
Peace and good-will may you to Britain bring;
With all the world chains of friendship forge,
With heart and voice the Empire prays,
"God bless King George!"

2 Son of a sire unto whom the world was loyal;
You too will walk in a pathway nobly royal;
Strong to follow duty, proud of our renown,
God keep you kingly, long may you wear the crown!
God protect our Sailor King, peace he found, peace may he bring:
Long may he rule us, with fervent hearts we sing.

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186. "HI-YAH."

Words and Music by JOHN G. STRATHDEE.

1 Down on old Toronto Bay
Stands our Club-house home,
And we're each one proud to say
That old Club's our own.
We've won vict'ry, we've won fame,
We're good losers too:
Win or lose, it's all the same;
Old Club, we're loyal to you.

CHORUS.

T-O-R-O-N-T-O Canoe Club!
It's the best old Club we know;
Oh, Toronto out in front you always show,
And when you hear the "HI-YAH," "HI-YAH,"
That means Victory.
Then the boys come through with a win or two,
For the good old T. C. C.

2 Down on old Toronto Bay,
That's where we belong.
Summer time both night and day
You will hear our song.
Paddling, sailing, all the time,
We're a happy crew.
Willing always, rain or shine,
To work, old Club, for you.

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187. I'M ON MY WAY TO DUBLIN BAY.

Words and Music by STANLEY MURPHY.

1 Michael Shea he marched away
With the Dublin Fusiliers,
An' he left the town in cheers,
But he left his girl in tears;
But in the rattle of the battle
Michael stood the test,
An' he won a "Sargent's" form
An' a medal on his chest.
He got a two-months furlough,
An' he started on his way,
His Irish eyes a-dancin',
As the boys all heard him say:

CHORUS.

Good-bye! I'm on my way
To dear old Dublin Bay,
That's why I'm feelin' gay,
For oh! I know sweet Molly—O.
My colleen, fair to see,
Is waitin' there for me,
Her heart with love a-bubble-in'
On Dublin Bay.

2 Michael Shea reached Dublin Bay
When the spring was in the air,
An' he found his colleen fair,
An' he hugged her like a bear;
He took her down to Dublin town,
An' Father John Malloy
Tied a double-in knot right on the spot
For Molly and her boy.
Then on an Irish jauntin' car
Beside her bold gossoon,
She learned to sing this chorus
By the risin' o' the moon:

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188. I'M ON MY WAY TO MANDALAY.

Words by ALFRED BRYAN; *Music by* FRED FISCHER.

I'm on my way to Mandalay,
Beneath the shelt'ring palms I want to stray,

Oh, let me live and love for aye,
On that Island far away;
I'm sentimental for my Oriental love so sweet and gentle;
That's why I'm on my way to Mandalay, I've come to say good-bye.

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189. IN THE GLOAMING.

Words by META ORRED; *Music by* ANNE F. HARRISON.

1 In the gloaming, O my darling,
When the lights are dim and low;
And the quiet shadows falling,
Softly come and softly go.
When the winds are sobbing faintly,
With a gentle, unknown woe,
Will you think of me, and love me,
As you did once long ago?

2 In the gloaming, O my darling,
Think not bitterly of me!
Though I passed away in silence,
Left you lonely, set you free.
For my heart was crushed with longing,
What had been could never be.
It was best to leave you thus, dear,
Best for you and best for me.

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190. KENTUCKY BABE.

Words by RICHARD H. BUCK; *Music by* ADAM GEIBEL.

Skeeters am a hummin' on de honey suckle vine,
Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
Sandman am a comin' to dis little coon of mine,
Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
Silv'ry moon am shinin' in de heavens up above,
Bob-o-link am pinin' fo' his little lady love,
You is mighty lucky,
Babe of old Kentucky,
Close you' eyes in sleep.

CHORUS.

Fly away, fly away, Kentucky Babe,
fly away to rest;
Fly away, Lay yo' kinky, woolly
head on yo' mammy's breast.
Um! um! close yo' eyes in sleep.

2 Daddy's in the cane-brake wid his little dog and gun,
Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
Possom fo' yo' breakfast when yo' sleepin' time is done,
Sleep, Kentucky Babe!
Bogie man 'll ketch yo' sure unless yo' close yo' eyes,
Waitin' jes' outside de do' to take yo' by surprise,
Bes' be keepin' shady,
Little colored lady,
Close yo' eyes in sleep.

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191. MARY.

Music by T. RICHARDSON.

1 Kind, kind and gentle is she,
Kind is my Mary;
The tender blossom on the tree
Cannot compare wi' Mary.
Her brow is fair as winter's snow,
Her cheeks wi' modest roses blow,
And dove-like glances sweetly flow
Frae out the e'en o' Mary.

CHORUS.

Sae kind, kind and gentle is she,
Kind is my Mary,
The tender blossom on the tree
Cannot compare wi' Mary.

2 Oh, see yon proud and haughty lass,
Her head wi' pride and folly toss'd:
Ne'er look on her, but let her pass:
Be sure it is not Mary.

3 But see ye one o' modest air,
Bedecked wi' beauty saft and rare,
That mak's your heart feel sweetly sair,
Oh, weel ye ken my Mary.

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192. O CANADA!

English version by HON. R. STANLEY WEIR.

1 O Canada! Our Home and Native Land!
True patriot-love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North, strong and free,
And stand on gard, O Canada,
We stand on guard for thee.

CHORUS.

O Canada! Glorious and free!
We stand on guard, we stand on guard for thee!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee!

2 O Canada! Where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow;
How dear to us thy broad domain,
From East to Western Sea!
Thou land of hope for all who toil!
Thou True North, strong and free!

3 O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise,
To keep thee steadfast through the years
From East to Western Sea,
Our Fatherland, our Motherland,
Our True North, strong and free!

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193. PUT ON YOUR OLD GREY BONNET.

Words by S. MURPHY; *Music by* PERCY WENRICH.

1 On the old farmhouse veranda
There sat Silas and Miranda,
Thinking of the days gone by.
Said he, "Dearie, don't be weary,
You were always bright and cheery,
But a tear, dear, dims your eye."
Said she, "They're tears of gladness, Silas,
They're not tears of sadness,
It is fifty years to-day since we were wed."
Then the old man's dim eyes brighten'd,
And his stern old heart it lighten
As he turned to her and said:

CHORUS.

"Put on your old grey bonnet
With the blue ribbon on it,
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay;
And through the fields of clover,
We'll drive up to Dover
On our golden wedding day."

2 It was in the same old bonnet,
With the same blue ribbon on it,
In the old shay, by his side,
That he drove her up to Dover,
Thro' the same old fields of clover,
To become his happy bride.
The birds were sweetly singing,
And the same old bells were ringing,
As they pass'd the quaint old church where they were wed.
And that night when stars were gleaming,
The old couple lay a-dreaming,
Dreaming of the words he said.

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194. SHIP AHOY!

("All the Nice Girls Love a Sailo

Words by A. J. MILLS; *Music by* BENNETT SCOTT.

1 When the man-o'-war or merchant ship
Comes sailing into port,
The jolly tar with joy,
Will sing out, "Land ahoy!"
With his pockets full of money,
And a parrot in a cage,
He smiles at all the pretty girls
Upon the landing stage.

CHORUS.

All the nice girls love a sailor,
All the nice girls love a tar;
For there's something about a sailor—
Well, you know what sailors are!
Bright and breezy, free and easy,
He's the ladies' pride and joy;
Falls in love with Kate and Jane,
Then he's off to sea again,
Ship ahoy! ship ahoy!

2 Jack is partial to the yellow girls
Across the Eastern Seas;
With lovely almond eyes,
The tar they hypnotise—
And when he goes to the Sandwich Isles,
He loves the dusky belles,
Dressed up à la Salome,
Colored beads and oyster shells.

3 He will spend his money freely,
And he's generous to his pals;
While Jack has got a sou,
There's half of it for you.
And it's just the same in love or war.
He goes through with a smile;
And you can trust a sailor,
He's a white man all the while!

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195. STEIN SONG.

Words by R. HOVEY; *Music by* F. F. BULLARD.

1 Give a rouse, then, in the Maytime,
For a life that knows no fear!
Turn night-time into daytime,
With the sunlight of good cheer!
For it's always fair weather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
And a good song ringing clear.
(*Repeat last four lines.*)

2 Oh, we're all frank-and-twenty,
When the spring is in the air;
And we've faith and hope a-plenty,
And we've life and love to spare;
And it's birds of a feather
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
And a heart without a care.
(*Repeat last four lines.*)

3 For we know the world is glorious,
And the goal a golden thing,
And that God is not censorious
When His children have their fling;
And life slips its tether
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
In the fellowship of spring.
(*Repeat last four lines.*)

4 When the wind comes up from Cuba,
And the birds are on the wing,
And our hearts are patting juba
To the banjo of the spring;
Then life slips its tether
When good fellows get together,
With a stein on the table
In the fellowship of spring.
(*Repeat last four lines.*)

From *More Songs from Vagabondia*, by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey, published by Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass. Printed by permission.

196. THE BLUE AND WHITE.

(University of Toronto Song).
By C. E. Bush nd C. E. Silcox.

1 Old Toronto, Mother ever dear,
All thy sons thy name revere.
Yes, we hail thee, ne'er will fail thee,
But will seek thy glory with our might,
(Yes, we are)
Ever loyal, faithful, frank and strong.
We will sound our praises in our song,
Aye, and cheer both loud and long,
The royal Blue and White.

CHORUS.

Toronto is our University,
Shout. oh, shout, men of every faculty,

Velut arbor aevo,
May she ever thrive,
Oh, God forever bless our Alma Mater.

2 Soon our college days will all be past,
Duty bids us part from friends at last,
But we'll sever, trusting ever,
Love for 'Varsity may us unite,
(Unite us)
Then we'll serve the mother of us all,
And the merry days of youth recall,
While, whatever may befall,
We'll flaunt the Blue and White.

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197. THE BOYS OF ENGLAND.

Words by CLIFTON BINGHAM; *Music by* FREDERICK BEVAN.

1 The boys march thro' the village,
The lasses run to see
The red coats in the sunlight,
The colors flying free.
A word, a kiss, a parting,
A loud and long hurrah!
They're gone, the boys of England,
To fight the foe afar.

CHORUS.

Sturdily, steadily tramping away,
Ready to fight still, wherever the fray;
Marching with brave hearts forth to the fight,
For King and for glory, for Home and for Right. (*Twice*)

2 They die and are forgotten,
Upon the field they fall;
But thousands more are ready
To go at duty's call.
Not gold, or laws, or statesmen,
Not bluster, bounce, or noise,
The key to England's greatness
Is in old England's boys.

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198. THE FLAG THAT NEVER COMES DOWN.

Words by F. R. COULSON; *Music by* H. FINCK.

1 The Sword of Right that cannot rust,
That sword is ours, the British sword.
We were not born to bite the dust,
Or yield to any German hor[illegible],
Our sailor sons are on the sea,
And on the land our soldier sons,
To keep our British Empire free,
And man the guns, and man the guns.

CHORUS.

March, march, marching out to war,
Out from the village and the town,
For the country that we love,
And the dear old flag above,
To fight for our old renown;
Left, right, now we're out to fight,
God give the battle to the right;
"God save the King" with all our might,
And the flag that never comes down.

2 In London, Nelson lies asleep,
And 'neath a distant sea lies Drake.
They fought and died upon the deep,
They fought and died for Britain's sake.
And in our blood their courage runs,
Our arms as strong as theirs [illegible] strong;
Their spirits live in Britain's sons
Who strive for Right, who strike at Wrong.

3 With flaunting pride, with braggart boast,
A gauntlet was at Britain hurl'd
By him, who with his barbarous host,
Would rule the world, would rule the world.

But we for Peace and Honor fight,
With Justice blazon'd on our shield,
With sword to strike dishonor'd Might,
We take the field, we take the field.

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199. THE HIGH COST OF LOVING.

Words by ALFRED BRYAN; *Music by* GEO. W. MEYER.

1 The high cost of loving, the high cost of loving,
It's driving me mad, Yes, driving me mad:
The high cost of living is only a joke,
The high cost of loving is keeping me broke.
You borrow from mother, from sister and brother,
You try to keep up with the style;
Ev'ry bricklayer's daughter drinks wine just like water;
I'll have to stop loving a while.

2 The high cost of loving, the high cost of loving,
It's driving me mad, Yes, driving me mad:
The high cost of living is only a joke,
The high cost of loving is keeping me broke.
You eat nickle lunches, and buy her milk punches,
You try to keep up with the style;
Ev'ry Mary and Jane wants to bathe in champagne,
I'll have to stop loving a while.

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200. THE LAND OF THE MAPLE.

Words and Music by H. H. GODFREY.

1 O Canada, my Canada, my thought is all of thee,
Thy mountain chains and smiling plains that stretch from sea to sea,
The sunlight gleams on murm'ring streams, and sweetest melody
Pours from the feathered songsters in the spreading Maple Tree.

CHORUS.

Oh, the Land of the Maple is the land for me,
The home of the stalwart, the brave and the free,
The Rose and the Thistle, the Shamrock and "Lis,,'
All bloom in one garden 'neath the Maple tree.

2 O Canada, dear Canada, none can compare with thee;
'Neath sunny skies the Earth replies, and laughs with harvest glee;
Thy winters cheer with air so clear, but best of all to me,
The summer and the sunshine and the spreading Maple Tree.

3 In Canada, dear Canada, all dwell in unity,
The Saxon, Gaul and Celt agree with Scots to keep us free.
Though we be four, yet are we one if danger chance to be;
We'll boldly fight and stand for right beneath the Maple Tree.

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201. THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

Words by THOMAS MOORE.

1 'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone.
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

2 I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

3 So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from love's shining circle
The gems drop away,
When true hearts are withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh, who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Tune—B., E., F., G., J.

202. THE MEN OF THE NORTH.

Words and Music by H. H. GODFREY.

1 Come, if you dare! to the Northman's lair,
The tramp of your armies shall not shake us;
Shout if ye will, we are freemen still;
Words cannot break us;
For we have the brain and the brawn and the blood
Of the Saxon and the Celt and the Gaul;
And we fear not any man, but we'll do the best we can,
When we march at our country's call.

CHORUS.

Canada, dear Canada! Men of the North are we;
For thee we live and for thee we'll die,
But aye thou shalt be free.
Canada, dear Canada! Men of the North are we;
For thee we live and for thee we'll die,
But evermore thou shalt be free.

2 We are the men of the fair far North,
The land of the maple spreads around us;
Here shall we live, not an inch we give;
None shall confound us!
For we have the land and the grain and the gold,
And should foes for these e'er wish to try a fall,
Why they'll find that we can fight when we know we're in the right,
And we march at our country's call.

3 Men of the North, if to war we go forth,
Let our trust never lie in mad numbers,
But in that spark blest, in each man's breast,
The fire that never slumbers;
That hatred of wrong and that pride in the right,
And the freedom that our forefathers won;
No, we'll never yield a jot! but just keep what we have got,
If we fight till the day is done.

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203. THE MERMAID.

Words by A. J. C.; *Music arranged by* MICHAEL WATSON.

1 Oh, 'twas in the broad Atlantic,
'Mid the equinoctial gales,
That a young fellow fell overboard
Among the sharks and whales.
And down he went like a streak of light,
So quickly down went he,
Until he came to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.

CHORUS.

Singing, Rule Britannia!
Britannia, rule the waves!
And Britons never, never, never shall be
Mar-ri-ed to a mer-ma-id,
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.

2 She raised herself on her beautiful tail,
And gave him her soft, wet hand:

"I've long been waiting for you, my dear,
Now welcome safe to land.
Go back to your messmates for the last time,
And tell them all from me,
That you're mar-ri-ed to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.'

3 We sent a boat to look for him,
Expecting to find his corpse,
When up he came with a bang and a shout,
And a voice sepulchrally hoarse.
"My comrades and my messmates,
Oh, do not look for me,
For I'm mar-ri-ed to a mer-ma-id,
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.

4 "In my chest you'll find my half-year's wage,
Likewise a lock of hair;
This locket from my neck you'll take,
And bear to my young wife dear.
My carte-de-visite to my grandmother take,
Tell her not to weep for me,
For I'm mar-ri-ed to a mer-ma-id,
At the bottom of the deep blue sea."

5 The anchor was weighed, and the sails unfurled,
And the ship was sailing free,
When up we went to our cap-it-aine,
And our tale we told to he.
The captain went to the old ship's side,
And out loud bellowed he,
"Be as happy as you can, with your wife, my man,
At the bottom of the deep blue sea."

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204. THE POWDER-MONKEY.

(An old Salt's Story.)

Words and Music by MICHAEL WATSON.

1 A yarn I've got to spin as how I've heard my old dad tell,
Of a gallant little hero who aboard the *Vict'ry* fell;
He was brimmin' full o' courage, an' was just the sort o' lad
To make the sort o' sailor that our Navy's always had.
As powder-monkey, little Jim was pet o' all the crew,
With his flaxen hair so curly, an' his pretty eyes o' blue;
An' the bo'-s'un always said as how that what got over him
Was the chorus of a sailors' song as sung by little Jim.

CHORUS.

Soon we'll be in London Town,
Sing, my lads, yo ho!
An' see the King in a golden crown,
Sing, my lads, yo ho!
Heave ho! on we go, sing, my lads, yo ho!
Who's afeard to meet the foe?
Sing, my lads, yo ho!

2 In ninety-eight we chas'd the foe right in to "Bouky Bay,"
And we fought away like niggers all the night till break o' day.
The foeman's flagship *Orient* was blow'd away sky high,
With the Admiral an' all his crew, an' sarve 'em right, says I.
Now little Jim was in the thick o' all the fire an' smoke,
An' he seem'd to think that fightin' hard was nothin' but a joke,
For he handed up the powder from the magazine below,
An' all the while a-singin', like as if his pluck to show.

3 But little Jim was book'd, for as the fight was just on won,
A musket bullet pick'd him off, afore his song was done.
They took him to the cockpit, where a-smilin' he did lie,
An' the sailors—well, there warn't a man but somehow pip'd his eye.

Says Jim: "My lads, don't fret for me, but if the shore ye see,
Give a kiss to dear old mother, an' say it come from me."
An' there never was a braver heart that serv'd our gracious King,
Than the little powder-monkey, who so gaily used to sing:

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205. THE SOLDIERS OF THE KING.

Words and Music by LESLIE STUART.

1 Britons once did loyally declaim
About the way we rul'd the waves;
Ev'ry Briton's song was just the same,
When singing of our soldier braves.
All the world had heard it,
Wonder'd why we sang,
And some have learn'd the reason why.
But we're forgetting it,
And we're letting it
Fade away and gradually die,
Fade away and gradually die.
So when we say that England's master,
Remember who has made her so.

CHORUS.

It's the Soldiers of the King, my lads,
Who've been, my lads, Who've seen my lads,
In the fight for England's glory, lads,
When we have to show them what we mean,
And when we say we've always won,
And when they ask us how it's done,
We'll proudly point to every one of England's soldiers of the King.

2 War-clouds gather over ev'ry land,
Our flag is threaten'd East and West;
Nations that we've shaken by the hand,
Our bold resources try to test.
They thought they found us sleeping,
Thought us unprepar'd,
Because we have our party wars;
But Englishmen unite
When they're call'd to fight
The battle for Old England's common cause.
The battle for Old England's common cause.
So when we say that England's master,
Remember who has made her so.

3 Now we're rous'd, we've buckled on our swords,
We've done with diplomatic lingo;
We'll do deeds to follow on our words,
We'll show we're something more than "jingo."
And though Old England's laws do not her sons compel
To military duties do,
We'll play them at their game,
And show them all the same,
An Englishman can be a soldier too,
An Englishman can be a soldier too.
So when we say that England's master,
Remember who has made her so.

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206. THERE'S A LITTLE SPARK OF LOVE STILL BURNING.

Words by JOE MCCARTHY; *Music by* FRED FISCHER.

There's a little spark of love still burning
And yearning down in my heart for you.
There's a longing there for your returning;

I want you, I do. So come, come, to my heart again;
Come, come, set that love aflame;
For there's a little spark of love still burning
And yearning for you.

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207. TORONTO.

Words and Music by H. H. GODFREY.

1 Where smiles the lake 'neath a sky ever blue,
Where blooms the maple tree,
There stands Toronto, the Pride of the North,
And her children all are we.
Yes, we are from Toronto,
Our Alma Mater, our mother dear;
And proudly now we sing her praises,
That all may know that her sons are near.

CHORUS.

All hail to thee! Toronto,
Proud Mistress of the North!
With heart and voice we praise thee,
As we go marching forth.
All hail to thee! Toronto,
Proud Mistress of the North!
With heart and voice we praise thee,
As we go marching forth.

2 Where springs the turf on the campus so green,
There, too, her sons are seen;
Each manly sport has a home in their hearts;
And its champions oft they've been.
Yes, they win for Toronto,
With light lacrosse stick or flying ball;
And gaily so they'll rush to vict'ry,
Whene'er they march at their country's call.

3 Up with the Blue and the White! let them wave
High o'er the old grey tower;
Forth from its portals have stepped, in their might,
This Dominion's men of power.
Yes, they come from Toronto,
Our noble statesmen, our soldiers true;
And fondly each one hails the mem'ry
Of that dear spot 'neath the White and Blue.

Tune—H. Copyright, Whaley, Royce & Co., Toronto.

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208. WE'LL NEVER LET THE OLD FLAG FALL.

Words by A. E. MACNUTT; *Music by* M. F. KELLY.

1 Britain's flag has always stood for Justice,
Britain's hope has always been for Peace,
Britain's foes have known that they could trust us
To do our best to make the cannons cease.
Britain's blood will never stand for insult,
Britain's sons will rally at her call,
Britain's pride will never let her exult,
But we'll never let the old flag fall.

CHORUS.

We'll never let the old flag fall,
For we love it the best of all,
We don't want to fight to show our might,
But when we start, we'll fight, fight, fight.
In peace or war you'll hear us sing,
God save the flag, God save the King.
At the ends of the world, the flag's unfurl'd,
We'll never let the old flag fall.

2 Britain's sons have always called her Mother,
Britain's sons have always lov'd her best,
Britain's sons would die to show they love her,
The dear old flag, laid on each manly breast.
Britain's ships have always rul'd the ocean,
Britain's sons will serve her one and all;
Britain's sons will show their true devotion,
And we'll never let the old flag fall.

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209. WHEN I GET YOU ALONE TO-NIGHT.

When I get you alone to-night,
When I get you alone to-night,
You know we'll sit by the window,
Pull down the shade,
Oh, oh, oh, oh, don't be afraid.
There'll be no one around to hear,
There'll be no one around to fear,
We'll be loving, billing, cooing,
Just like ev'rybody's doing,
When I get you alone to-night.

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210. WHEN THE LIGHTS ARE LOW.

GERALD M. LANE.

1 When twilight falls on the dim old walls,
And day is past and done;
As we sit and dream in the fading gleam,
Come mem'ries one by one.
Old friends known in the years long gone,
In fancy greet us still,
And voices dear, that we long to hear,
The silence seem to fill.

CHORUS.

Just when the day is over,
Just when the lights are low,
Back to the heart returneth
Life's golden long ago;
Far, far away we wander,
Watching the firelight gleams;
Far, far away from the world's shadows grey,
Into the land of dreams.

2 With distant sounds in the streets around,
The throng goes surging by:
But far away in dreams we stray,
Where verdant meadows lie.
There once more, as in days of yore,
To roam each well-known way,
Till over all night's shadows fall,
And dreamland fades away.

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211. WHEN YOU WORE A TULIP.

Words by JACK MAHONEY; *Music by* PERCY WENRICH.

When you wore a tulip, a sweet yellow tulip,
And I wore a big red rose;
When you caressed me, 'twas then Heaven blessed me,
What a blessing no one knows.
You made life cheery, when you called me dearie,
'Twas down where the blue grass grows.
Your lips were sweeter than julep when you wore that tulip,
And I wore a big red rose.

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212. YOU'RE HERE AND I'M HERE.

You're here and I'm here,
So what do we care,
The time and place do not count,
It's the one who is there.

Now all I ask is room for two,
And to be there with only you.
It would be heaven.
When two hearts are true hearts,
Like yours and mine,
The skies are fair everywhere, and the sun seems to shine,
And now the wide world seems a little cozy corner,
F[illegible]ou and me.

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213. BY ORDER OF THE KING.

Words by A. E. MacNUTT; *Music by* M. F. KELLY.

1 The Empire's pride stand side by side
Upon the battle-field,
Like knights of old, so brave and bold,
The King and Flag to shield.
For each brave heart will do his part,
For Country and for King,
And gladly go to meet the foe;
Just hear them proudly sing.

CHORUS.

By order of the King (God bless him),
We'll fight and win or die,
"The Empire and the King" (God bless him),
Is the nation's cry.
Our country's pride are fighting,
"God bless them and vict'ry bring,"
[illegible]r they are proudly dying
Just to keep the old flag flying,
By order of the King.

2 The clash of steel may make us reel,
But we'll not give an inch.
For right and fame we'll play the game,
And we will never flinch.
Thro' sounds of war and cannon's roar,
We'll ever pray and sing,
"God give us might, to fight for right,"
By order of the King.

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214. CARRY ON!

Words and Music by ELSA MAXWELL.

1 We hear many a good old song,
As the troops go marching by;
But there's one phrase throughout my days,
For me will never die;
And the way they shout it
Wakes the echoes and makes the sad heart glow;
It tells us that our gallant boys,
(Like the knights of long ago,
When they went forth to defend the Grail),
For freedom's sake they never fail.

CHORUS.

Carry on, carry on, carry on, carry on,
For Britain's flag that flies;
Carry on, that our ships may ever rule the sea;
Who lives if England dies?
Are we down-hearted? No! No! No!
For a little British goes a long, long way;
Carry on to crush the foe!

2 When my span of life is run
And I falter on life's way,
And the children gather round my knee,
They'll listen when I say:
Now, children, love your kinfolk well,
And love the flag that flies,
But love your country's honour more,
And him who for honour dies!
For that's what your father did, my son,
When our brave boys fought for us, ev'ry one!

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215. GOOD LUCK TO THE BOYS OF THE ALLIES.

Words and Music by MORRIS MANLEY.

1 It's jolly good luck to Johnnie Canuck
And all the Allied soldiers,
They're fighting day by day
In trenches far away;
They'll all march back with the Union Jack,
In history they'll gain fame,
Just give them a cheer and banish the tear,
For they'll return again.

CHORUS.

Good luck to the boys of the Allies,
Just cheer them on their way;
The Union Jack they're proud of,
While fighting day by day;
When the band plays that tune called Tipperary,
There's joy right in their eyes;
God save our gracious King,
Good luck to the boys of the Allies.

2 They're jolly and brave, but never do rave,
About their pride and bravery;
Right at the front they stay
In thickest of the fray.
They'll win the fight, their hearts are right,
You bet they're filled with pluck;
Right on their track, when they come back,
We'll cheer our Johnnie Canuck.

Copyright of composer.

216. I LOVE YOU CANADA.

Words and Music by MORRIS MANLEY AND KENNETH MCINNIS.

1 There are many flags now waving,
Over land and over sea.
And though shot and shell are flying,
Canada, I think of thee.
It's the land I'd do or die for,
And my heart is there always;
So when I get back home once more,
'Tis there I'll end my days.

CHORUS.

I love you, Canada, for you mean so much to me;
I love your hills and valleys,
And your stately Maple tree;
I love all your dear people tho' far away I roam;
When I hear them speak of Canada
I long for Home, Sweet Home.

2 When it comes to flowers and sunshine,
Canada, I think of you;
And my pals here in the trenches,
They are heroes staunch and true.
Every soldier in our army
They have surely stood the test,
And to them I talk of Canada,
The land I love the best.

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217. KING GEORGE'S MEN.

Words by JEAN BLEWETT; *Music by* ISABEL RUTTER.

1 We bade farewell to the hills of home
With a cheer that echoed back,
And we cried Hurrah for Canada,
Hurrah for the Union Jack!
Hurrah for the lads in the khaki coats,
For the soldiers true and [illegible]
Hurrah for the sweethearts left behind!
Hurrah for the hearts of gold!

CHORUS.

Oh, we're off to fight for our country,
We march to the bugle's call,
With a thundering cheer for the world to hear,
We are Britons one and all.

Oh, we dare to do, and we dare to die,
We lads of the hill and glen;
"God save the King" is the song we sing,—
We are all King eGorge's men.

2 The bit of God's earth that gave us birth
Bred us loyal to the core;
And we'll never cease, nor cry for peace
Till the foemen fight no more;
For we take our stand with a purpose grand
While the brutal enemy cow'rs,
We'll stand for Right, and strike for Right,
And fight till the day is ours.

3 It is good to fight in Freedom's cause,
So we make that cause our own;
And we'll do our best at the King's behest
Till our foes are lying prone.
And low in the dust they soon must lie
When their schemes have come to grief,
For we stand to win in the battle's din,
We men of the Maple Leaf.

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218. ONLY A LITTLE BOX OF SOLDIERS.

M. ARNOLD *and* F. LEIGH.

1 Other nations may brag of their millions of men,
And boast of their chances in war,
Quite forgetting the fact that though Britain is small,
She's always been well to the fore;
Our Nation has proved many times in the past
She can vanquish her foes tho' their armies be vast.
To sneer at our size has been ever their joy,
And they say that our army's a plaything—a toy.

CHORUS.

Only a little box of Soldiers,
Only a few, that's all;
But, oh! we know we are quite enough
For they're all manufactured of the real good stuff..
Britain's the name of the pretty little box they're in.
When Britannia plays with her little box of Soldiers,
She plays the game to win.

2 They have not far to search in the annals of war,
For proof of the words that I say.
With a handful of men on the Waterloo field
We held great Napoleon at bay.
'Mid sickness and cold in the deadly Crimea,
We defeated the foes, though the victory was dear;
O'er India's great Empire, Britannia holds sway,
But who have we to thank that we rule it to-day?

3 Let the rival who sneered at our numbers be warned,
We tried hard for peace, not for war;
But now they have gone too far, they have found us prepared
To stand by our rights as of yore.
We'll fight for our own till the very last breath,
And the words on our lips shall be victory or death;
Brave hearts have gone forth now our standard's unfurled,
British boys who are ready to face all the world.

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219. OUR OWN CANADIAN BOYS.

Words by FRANCES WILBERS; *Music by* DORIS A. WILBERS.

1 Britannia sounds the call,
The call of truth and right,
O sons, march on, march on,
For Home and Glory, fight;
Fight for the cause that's just,
With a will to do or die,
With victor's crown return,
And the British flag on high.

CHORUS.

So here's to our own Canadian boys,
Canadians staunch and true,
They go to fight with all their might
For King and Empire too.
Oh, here's to our own Canadian boys,
That Britain's sons will fight to
That Britain's sons will fight to keep
The British flag unfurled.

2 For true hearts love their country,
And fight with might and main,
Till battles fierce be won,
And peace once more doth reign.
Tho' shot and shell be heavy,
Tho' hours of toil be long,
Our boys will not surrender
In the fight against the wrong.

3 And oh, the glorious day,
When you come back to our shore,
With joyful hearts we'll cheer
For the brave lads we adore.
We'll join in glad acclaim
With thanks to Heav'n above
For the safe return at last
Of the heroes that we love.

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220. THE BEST OLD FLAG ON EARTH.

Words and Music by CHARLES F. HARRISON.

1 Though England's foes may assail her,
Though the war clouds hang around,
Still the bright sun smiles o'er Britain's Isles,
For friends in need she's found:
From India's strand to Baffin's land
They have answered the Empire's call;
For we can't turn our back on the old Union Jack,
The best old flag of all.

CHORUS.

Then give three cheers, three British cheers,
For the old Red, White and Blue.
Let the world all know that Britain's foe
Is Canada's foe too.
Across the sea in Germany
Our boys they will prove their worth,
For the Maple Leaf, our emblem dear,
And the best old flag on earth.

2 When England said men were wanted,
Far across the sea to go,
From the east and west, they came, our best,
To lay the tyrant low.
So here's good luck to Jack Canuck!
For he's ready to fight or fall;
And he'll stick to the last, for he's nailed to his mast
The best old flag of all.

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221. THE CALL OF THE MOTHERLAND.

Words and Music by EDWARD W. MILLER.

1 There's a humming on the cable,
There's a whisper in the air,
There's a message stirring each Canadian heart,
Once more old England's calling, as she bids her sons prepare
To save the world and play a Briton's part;

But Canada no longer stands and watches from afar,
The hearts of all her sons are beating high;
They speed across the water, and beneath the British star,
Will show the nations how to fight and die:

CHORUS.

When war's alarms, and the call to arms,
Comes across from the Motherland,
At the call, as one, each Canadian son,
Is ready to take his stand.
From East and West, we will give our best,
And the prayers of our people bring;
And side by side with the Empire's pride,
We will fight for our Flag and King.

2 From the blue Pacific waters to the fair Atlantic coast,
From the mountains and the prairies of the west,
All Canada is stirring in a vast and mighty host,.
Prepar'd to offer England of her best;
What tho' the seas divide us, Britain's duty is our own,
And side by side with Britain we will go;
Till vict'ry rests upon her flag, she shall not fight alone,
The Empire stands united 'gainst her foe:

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222. THE CALL TO ARMS.

("Your King and Country Need You.")

Words and Music by JACK THOMPSON.

1 There's a tramp of feet
Heard in every street,
For our boys are off to war;
And each one has come
At the sound of the drum,
As they did in the days of yore.
They fear not the fight that's before them,
Side by side to the end they will stand,
Our soldiers so true and the lads in blue,
For the sake of the Motherland.

CHORUS.

Your King and your Country now need you,
And Britons they fear no alarms;
Father, brother and son, they respond every one,
To the sound of the loud call to arms.
From over the seas they have answered,
And help from afar they bring,
To uphold the right of our Empire's might,
And to fight for our Flag and King.

2 So they march away
At the break of day,
Fearing not the danger nigh;
And they bravely go
To meet the foe,
For each one means to do or die.
Our foes thought the Lion was sleeping,
And advantage of this they would take,
But our Empire's sons, with our ships and our guns,
Soon will show that the Lion's awake.

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223. THE ROLL CALL.

Words by OLIVER HEZZLEWOOD; *Tune, "When the roll is called up yonder."*

1 When my King and Country call me and I'm wanted at the front,
Where the shrapnel shells are bursting in the air:

When the foe in fury charges and
we're sent to bear the brunt,
And the roll is called for service,—
I'll be there!

CHORUS.

When the roll is called for service,—
I'll be there.

2 When the Kaiser's lines are broken
and his armies out of France,
When the Belgian desolation we repair;
When the final muster's ordered and
the bugle sounds "Advance!"
May the God of Battles help me to
be there!

CHORUS.

When the roll is called for service,—
I'll be there.

3 When the Allies march through
Prussia with the foe in full retreat,
"That our hearts be kept from
hatred" is our prayer;
When the "right of might" is ended
in a crushing last defeat,
And the roll is called in Berlin,—
I'll be there!

CHORUS.

When the roll is called in Berlin,—
I'll be there.

4 When for me "Last Post" is sounded
and I cross the silent ford,
I've a Pilot who of "mine fields"
will beware;
When "Reveille" sounds in Heaven
and the Armies of the Lord,
Sing the Hallelujah Chorus,—I'll
be there!

CHORUS.

When the roll is called up yonder,—
I'll be there.

224. WHEN THE BABY LIONS COME.

(To the tune of "John Brown's Body.")

1 All the lion whelps are coming from
their homes across the sea,
To a party at the Kaiser's, to a
picnic on the Spree,
They are coming uninvited—how
lighted he will be,
When the baby lions come.

CHORUS.

Growling, growling, grim and growling,
The baby lions come.

2 Half the pages of the atlas, see
them trooping on their way,
Just to call on Kaiser Wilhelm, for
it's Kaiser Wilhelm's Day.
He is sure to preach a sermon, and
will very likely pray,
When the baby lions come.

3 They have left their dear equator,
and their precious polar ice,
They have left their maple sugar,
kangaroos, and curried rice.
Sugar's up; but German Kaisers
will, I fancy, fall in price,
When the baby lions come.

4 They are looking very tawny, very
brawny, very fit,
As they sail from Mustn't-Mention
and entrain for Wait-a-Bit,
Shining Armour, Kaiser Wilhelm
will be quite a useful kit,
When the baby lions come.

5 Yes, the lion whelps are coming
with the Island Lioness,
To the rescue of a little Flemish
damsel in distress,
And if I were Kaiser Wilhelm I
would censor my address,
When the lion household comes.

(E. M. F., in Edinburgh Scotsman.)

225. WHEN THE CRY FROM BELGIUM.

Tune, "Who is on the Lord's side," or "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

1 When the cry from Belgium,
Echoed through the world,
Empire's sons responded,
Freedom's flag unfurled.
Blood of British heroes,
Coursing through their veins,
Live or die, no matter,
Just as God ordains.
Forward they are marching,
On to victory,
Just our cause, and righteous,
Death or liberty.

2 Some have crossed the border,
Some are fighting still,
Langemarck and Ypres, shall
Give each heart a thrill.
On the roll of honour
Etched with British blood,
Names of brave Canadians,
Dead on field and flood.
Forward, ever forward,
May our steps incline,
For the world's eternal peace,
All our prayers combine.

3 British sons, for freedom,
Shall their life's blood drain,
Love and mercy blending,
Shield the flag from stain.
Loved ones gone forever,
Sacrifices made,
Liberty's foundations,
Have for aye been laid.
Forward, always forward,
Watchword "God and King."
Britain's love for truth and right,
Peace on earth will bring.

—T. H. LITSTER, 1915.

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THIRD PART

226. ABIDE WITH ME.

1 Abide with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

5 Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

—REV. H. F. LYTE, 1847.

227. ALL HAIL THE POWER.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name;
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from His altar call;
Praise Him Whose blood-stained path ye trod,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
Ye ransomed of the fall,
Hail Him Who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Hail Him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David Lord doth call,
The God Incarnate, Man Divine,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 Let every tribe and every tongue,
Before Him prostrate fall,
Join in the universal song,
And crown Him Lord of all. Amen.

REV. EDWARD PERRONET, 1780.

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228. ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

2 The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good;
His mercy is for ever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

5 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory ever-more. Amen.

REV. WM. KEETHE, 1[illegible]

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229. ART THOU WEARY?

1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
'Come to Me,' saith One, 'and coming,
Be at rest!'

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
'In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side.'

3 Hath He diadem as Monarch
That His brow adorns?
'Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns.'

4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
'Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear.'

5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
'Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past.'

6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
'Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away.'

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
'Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, Yes.' Amen.

REV. J. M. NEALE, 1862.

230. BLEST BE THE TIE.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share each other's woes,
Each other's burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When for a while we part,
This thought will soothe our pain:
That we shall still be joined in heart,
And one day meet again.

5 One glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day,

6 When from all toil and pain,
And sin we shall be free,
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. Amen.

REV. JOHN FAWCETT, 1782.

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231. CHRISTIAN, SEEK NOT YET.

1 Christian! seek not yet repose,
Hear thy guardian angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
Watch and pray.

2 Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
Watch and pray.

3 Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
Watch and pray.

4 Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one clear voice exclaim,
Watch and pray.

5 Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
Watch and pray.

6 Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray that help may be sent down;
Watch and pray. Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836

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232. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish,
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
'Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.'

3 Here see the Bread of Life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above:
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing,
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove. Amen.

THOMAS MOORE, 1824.

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233. ETERNAL FATHER, STRONG TO SAVE.

1 Eternal Father, strong to save,
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

2 O Saviour, Whose almighty word
The winds and waves submissive heard,
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,
And calm amidst its rage didst sleep;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

3 O Sacred Spirit, Who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumult cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace;
O hear us when we cry to Thee
For those in peril on the sea.

4 O Trinity of love and poyer,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to Thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea. Amen.

WILLIAM WHITING, 1860.

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234. ETERNAL RULER OF THE CEASELESS ROUND.

For Unity.

1 Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
Of circling planets singing on their way;
Guide of the nations from the night profound
Into the glory of the perfect day;
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
Guided and strengthened, and upheld by Thee.

2 We are of Thee, the children of Thy love,
The brothers of Thy well-beloved Son;
Descend, O Holy Spirit, like a dove,
Into our hearts, that we may be as one:
As one with Thee, to whom we ever tend;
As one with Him, our Brother and our Friend.

3 We would be one in hatred of all wrong,
One in our love of all things sweet and fair,
One with the joy that breaketh into song,
One with the grief that trembleth into prayer,
One in the power that makes the children free
To follow truth, and thus to follow Thee.

4 O clothe us with Thy heavenly armour, Lord,
Thy trusty shield, Thy sword of love divine;
Our inspiration be Thy constant word:
We ask no victories that are not Thine:
Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
Enough to know that we are serving Thee. Amen.

Tune—D.

Words by REV. J. W. CHADWICK.

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235. FAITH OF OUR FATHERS.

1 Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire, and sword;
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to thee till death!

2 Our fathers, chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for thee!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife;
And preach thee too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life. Amen.

REV. F. W. FABER, 1849.

236. FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT.

1 Fight the good fight with all thy might,
Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
Lay hold on life, and it shall be
Thy joy and crown eternally.

2 Run the straight race through God's good grace,
Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
Life with its way before us lies,
Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

3 Cast care aside, lean on thy Guide;
His boundless mercy will provide;
Trust, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

4 Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear:
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee. Amen.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, 1863.

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237. FLOATING O'ER JUDEA'S PLAINS.

1 Floating o'er Judea's plains,
And down the echoing height,
Hark, the love evangel strains
Are blending with the night.
Angel voices from the sky
With music fill each vale and glen:
Glory be to God on high,
On earth good will to men.

2 Evermore that wondrous strain
The door of hope unbars,
Whether in the cloistered fane
Or 'neath the Syrian stars.
Sing the joy-notes once again,
And let them echo to the sky:
'Peace on earth, good will to men,'
'Glory to God on high.'

3 Still is heard the shepherd's quest
That rose to Bethlehem's walls,
Burdened with a great unrest,
The world for Christ still calls.
From the vales and hills He trod,
Still rings the song that ne'er shall cease:
'Glory, glory be to God,
To men, good will and peace.'

4 Angel harps, our souls inspire
With grace to conquer wrong,
Fill us with a deep desire
To live the angel song,
Till the life of love be found
In every land beneath the sky.
Till the whole wide world resound:
'Glory to God on high.' Amen.

Tune—D.

Words by DR. A. D. WATSON, 1915

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238. FOR ALL THE SAINTS.

1 For all the saints who from their labours rest,
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,
Thy Name, O Jesu, be for ever blest.
Alleluia!

2 Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their might;
Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought fight;
Thou in the darkness drear their one true light.
Alleluia!

3 O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
And win, with them, the victor's crown of gold.
Alleluia!

4 O blest communion! fellowship divine!
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
Alleluia!

5 And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.
Alleluia!

6 The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest;
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.
Alleluia!

7 But lo! there breaks a yet more glorious day;
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;
The King of glory passes on His way.
Alleluia!

8 From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Alleluia. Amen.

BISHOP W. W. HOW, 1864.

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239. FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

1 'For ever with the Lord!'
Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near!
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

3 'For ever with the Lord!'
Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be Thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
'For ever with the Lord!' Amen.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835.

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240. FROM OCEAN UNTO OCEAN.

Tune, Stand up.

1 From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord,
And, filled with true devotion,
Obey Thy sovereign word.
Our prairies and our mountains,
Forest and fertile field,
Our rivers, lakes, and fountains,
To Thee shall tribute yield.

2 O Christ, for Thine own glory,
And for our country's weal,
We humbly plead before Thee,
Thyself in us reveal;
And may we know, Lord Jesus,
The touch of Thy dear hand,
And, healed of our diseases,
The tempter's power withstand.

3 Where error smites with blindness,
Enslaves and leads astray,
Do Thou in lovingkindness
Proclaim Thy gospel day;
Till all the tribes and races
That dwell in this fair land,
Adorned with Christian graces,
Within Thy courts shall stand.

4 Our Saviour King, defend us,
And guide where we should go;
Forth with Thy message send us,
Thy love and light to show;
Till, fired with true devotion
Enkindled by Thy word,
From ocean unto ocean
Our land shall own Thee Lord.
Amen.

REV. ROBERT MURRAY, 1880.

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241. GLORY TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS NIGHT.

1 Glory to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, so that I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

BISHOP THOMAS KEN, 1792.

242. GOD BE WITH YOU.

1 God be with you till we meet again!
By His counsel guide, uphold you,
With His sheep securely fold you!
God be with you till we meet again!

CHORUS.

Till we meet again! Till we meet again!
Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet again! Till we meet again!
God be with you till we meet again!

2 God be with you till me meet again!
'Neath His wings securely hide you,
Daily manna still provide you;
God be with you till we meet again!

3 God be with you till we meet again!
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His loving arms around you;
God be with you till we meet again!

4 God be with you till we meet again!
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again!
Amen.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, 1882.

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243. GOD OF OUR FATHERS.

1 God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath Whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

2 The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart:
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

3 Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet.
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

4 If drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the law;
Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

5 For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard;
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard:
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy mercy on Thy people, Lord.

Tune—D. Amen.

RUDYARD KIPLING, 1897.

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244. HARK, HARK MY SOUL.

1 Hark! hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore;
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
'Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;'
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.

4 Rest comes at length; though [illegible] be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

5 Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. Amen.

REV. F. W. FABER, 1854.

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245. HARK MY SOUL, IT IS THE LORD.

1 Hark! my soul, it is the Lord;
'Tis thy Saviour; hear His word;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

2 'I delivered thee when bound, [illegible]
And when bleeding healed thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

3 'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare!
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done:
Partner of My throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is cold and faint:
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more! Amen.

WM. COWPER, 1768.

246. HE LEADETH ME.

1 He leadeth me! O blessèd thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By His own hand He leadeth me!
His faithful follower I would be,
For by His hand He leadeth me!

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters calm, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis His hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by Thy grace, the victory's won,
Even death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since Thou through Jordan leadest me. Amen.

247. HERE, O MY LORD.

For Holy Communion.

1 Here, O my Lord, I see Thee face to face;
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen;
Here would I grasp with firmer hand Thy grace,
And all my weariness upon Thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the Bread of God;
Here drink with Thee the royal Wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load,
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but Thine; nor do I need
Another arm save Thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed:
My strength is in Thy might, Thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but Thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but Thine the cleansing Blood:
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace—
Thy Blood, Thy righteousness, O Lord, my God! Amen.

REV. H. BONAR, 1855.

248. HO, MY COMRADES.

1 Ho, my comrades! see the signal
Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh!

CHORUS.

"Hold the Fort, for I am coming!"
Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven,
"By Thy grace we will."

2 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the trumpet blow!
In our Leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe!

3 Fierce and long the battle rages,
But our help is near;
Onward comes our great Commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!

249 HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.

1 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty,
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

2 Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

3 Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee;
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity! Amen.

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1827.

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250. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in His excellent Word!
What more can He say than to you He hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled?

2 Fear not, He is with thee; O be not dismayed!
For He is thy God, and will still give thee aid;
He'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by His righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters He calls thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For He will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
His grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; His only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

5 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
He will not, He will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
He never will leave and will never forsake. Amen.

GEORGE KEITH, 1787.

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251. HOW SWEET THE NAME

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build!
My shield and hiding place!
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace!

4 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death! Amen.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1799.

252. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast';
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live:'
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright':
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.
Amen.

REV. H. BONAR, 1846.

253. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY

1 I love to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 I love to tell the Story;
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.

254. I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

1 I need Thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like Thine
Can peace afford.
I need Thee, O I need Thee,
Every hour I need Thee;
O bless me now, my Saviour,

2 I need Thee every hour,
Stay Thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When Thou art nigh.

3 I need Thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need Thee every hour,
Teach me Thy will,
And Thy rich promises
In me fulfill.

ANNIE SHERWOOD HAWKS, 1872.

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255. JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

1 Jesu, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on Thee is stayed;
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name;
I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am;
Thou are full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

256. JESUS CALLS US.

1 Jesus calls us; o'er the tumult
Of our life's wild restless sea
Day by day His sweet voice soundeth,
Saying, 'Christian, follow Me;'

2 As of old Saint Andrew heard it
By the Galilean lake,
Turned from home, and toil, and kindred.
Leaving all for His dear sake.

3 Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store,
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying, 'Christian, love Me more.'

4 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
'Christian, love Me more than these.'

5 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Saviour, may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.
Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1852.

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257 JESUS LOVES ME.

1 Jesus loves me, this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.
Yes, Jesus loves me—
Yes, Jesus loves me—
Yes, Jesus loves me,
The Bible tells me so.

2 Jesus loves me, He who died
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c.

3 Gentle Jesus, with me stay,
Close beside me all the way;
When at last I come to die
Take me home with Thee on high.
Yes, Jesus loves me, &c. Amen.

ANNA WARNER, 1859.

258. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

1 Jesus, Saviour, pilot me
Over life's tempestuous sea;
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rock and treacherous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou biddest them 'Be still!'
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest—
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
'Fear not! I will pilot thee!'

Amen.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER, 1871.

259. JUST AS I AM.

1 Just as I am—without one plea,
But that Thy Blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come.

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,—
To Thee, Whose Blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come.

3 Just as I am—though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without—
O Lamb of God, I come.

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,—
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come.

5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,—
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.

6 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down,—
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

7 Just as I am—of that free love
The breadth, length, depth and height to prove
Here for a season, then above,
O Lamb of God, I come.

Amen.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1841.

260. KEEP THYSELF PURE.

Tune—"Fight the Good Fight."

1 Keep thyself pure! Christ's soldier, hear,
Through life's loud strife the call rings clear.
Thy Captain speaks: His word obey;
So shall thy strength be as thy day.

2 Keep thyself pure! When lusts assail,
When flesh is strong and spirit frail,
Fight on—a fadeless crown thy meed—
Thy body as thy captive lead.

3 Keep thyself pure! Thrice blessèd he
Whose heart from taint of sin is free.
His feet shall stand where saints have trod;
He with rapt eyes shall see his God.

4 Keep thyself pure! For He Who died
Himself for thy sake sanctified.
Then hear Him speaking from the skies,
And victor o'er temptation rise.

5 O Holy Spirit, keep us pure,
Grant us Thy strength when sins allure;
Our bodies are Thy temple, Lord;
Be Thou in thought and act adored.

Amen.

ADELAIDE M. PLUMPTRE, 1908.

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261. LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

1 Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile. Amen.

REV. J. H. NEWMAN, 1833.

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262. LORD, FOR TO-MORROW.

1 Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

2 Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

3 Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey;
Help me to sacrifice myself,
Just for to-day.

4 Let me no wrong or idle word
Unthinking say;
Set Thou a seal upon my lips,
Just for to-day.

5 Let me in season, Lord, be grave,
In season gay;
Let me be faithful to Thy grace,
Just for to-day.

6 Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, love me, Lord,
Just for to-day. Amen.

ANONYMOUS, 1880.

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263. LORD GOD OF HOSTS.

Tune, "Eternal Father."

1 Lord God of Hosts, whose mighty hand
Dominion holds on sea and land,
In Peace and War Thy Will we see
Shaping the larger liberty.
Nations may rise and nations fall,
Thy Changeless Purpose rules them all.

2 When death flies swift on wave or field,
Be Thou a sure defence and shield!
Console and succour those who fall,
And help and hearten each and all!
O, hear a people's prayers for those
Who fearless face their country's foes.

3 For those who weak and broken lie,
In weariness and agony—
Great Healer, to their beds of pain
Come, touch, and make them whole again!
O, hear a people's prayers and bless
Thy servants in their hours of stress.

4 For those to whom the call shall come
We pray Thy tender welcome home.
The toil, the bitterness, all past,
We trust them to Thy love at last.
O, hear a people's prayers for all
Who nobly striving, nobly fall!

5 For those who minister and heal,
And spend themselves, their skill, their zeal—
Renew their hearts with Christ-like faith,
And guard them from disease and death.
And in Thine own good time, Lord, send
Peace on earth till Time shall end.

JOHN OXENHAM, 1914.
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264 LORD, KEEP US SAFE THIS NIGHT.

Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

JOHN LELAND, 1792.

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265. MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO THEE.

1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As Thou hast died for me,
O may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be Thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul. Amen.

REV. RAY PALMER, 1830.

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266. NEARER MY GOD TO THEE.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly,
Still all my song shall be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee. Amen.

SARAH ADAMS, 1841.

267. NEAR THE CROSS

1 Jesus, keep me near the Cross;
There, a precious fountain,
Free to all—a healing stream—
Flows from Calvary's mountain.

CHORUS.

In the Cross, in the Cross, be my glory ever,
Till my raptured soul shall find rest beyond the river.

2 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

3 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

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268. NOW THANK WE ALL OUR GOD.

1 Now thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In whom the world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

2 O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

3 All praise and thanks to God
The Father now be given,
The Son and Holy Ghost,
Supreme in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Tr. (1858) *from* REV. MARTIN RINKART *by* CATHERINE WINKWORTH.

269. NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

1 Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh,
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

2 Now the darkness gathers,
Stars begin to peep,
Birds, and beasts, and flowers
Soon will be asleep.

3 Jesu, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With Thy tenderest blessing
May mine eyelids close.

4 Grant to little children
Visions bright of Thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep blue sea.

5 Comfort every sufferer
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

6 Through the long night watches
May Thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

7 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In Thy holy eyes.

8 Glory to the Father,
Glory to the Son,
And to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whilst all ages run. Amen.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD, 1865.

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270. O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL.

1 O come, all ye faithful.
Joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold Him
Born, the King of angels;
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

2 God of God,
Light of Light,
Lo, He abhors not the Virgin's womb;
Very God,
Begotten, not created;

3 Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God,
In the highest;

4 Yea, Lord, we greet Thee,
Born this happy morning;
Jesu, to Thee be glory given;
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing;

Translated (1841) *from the Latin of 18th Cent. by* CANON F. OAKELEY.

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271. O EYES THAT ARE WEARY.

1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look up unto Jesus, and sorrow no more!
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night;
That here, as in heaven, there need be no night.

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that His presence my safeguard will be,
For, 'Why are ye troubled?' He saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, O may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in His presence to be;
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away. Amen.

Tune—*Aura Lee*, from D., and New Can. Meth. Hyl.

ANNA B. WARNER, 1858.

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272. O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST.

1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

2 Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

6 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come:
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home! Amen.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

273. O JESUS, I HAVE PROMISED.

1 O Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end;
Be Thou forever near me,
My Master and my Friend.
I shall not fear the battle
If Thou art by my side,
Nor wander from the pathway
If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2 O let me feel Thee near me:
The world is ever near;
I see the sights that dazzle,
The tempting sounds I hear;
My foes are ever near me,
Around me and within;
But, Jesus, draw Thou nearer,
And shield my soul from sin.

3 O let me hear Thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will;
O speak to re-assure me,
To hasten, or control;
O speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 O Jesus, Thou hast promised
To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou art in glory
There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus, I have promised
To serve Thee to the end!
O give me grace to follow,
My Master and my Friend.

5 O let me see Thy footmarks,
And in them plant mine own:
My hope to follow duly
Is in Thy strength alone.
O guide me, call me, draw me,
Uphold me to the end;
And then in heaven receive me,
My Saviour and my Friend.

REV. J. E. BODE, 1868

274. O LOVE THAT WILT NOT LET ME GO.

1 O Love that wilt not let me go.
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

2 O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That, in Thy sunshine-blaze, its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3 O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

4 O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.
Amen.

REV. GEORGE MATHESON, 1881.

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275. OFT IN DANGER.

1 Oft in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of life.

2 Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war and face the foe;
Will ye flee in danger's hour?
Know ye not your Captain's power?

3 Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March, in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long;
Victory soon shall tune your song.

4 Let not sorrow dim your eye;
Soon shall every tear be dry:
Let not fears your course impede;
Great your strength, if great your need.

5 Onward then to battle move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go. Amen.

H. K. WHITE, 1812, AND FRANCES S. COLQUHOUN, 1827.

276. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

1 Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe,
Forward into battle,
See His banners go.
Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the Cross of Jesus
Going on before.

2 At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices;
Loud your anthems raise.

3 Like a mighty army
Moves the Church of God.
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod.
We are not divided,
All one body we—
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

4 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane;
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain:
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

5 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud and honour
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

REV. S. BARING-GOULD, 1864.

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277. OUR BLEST REDEEMER.

1 Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
With us to dwell.

2 He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

3 And His that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

4 And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are His alone.

5 Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness, pitying, see;
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
And worthier Thee.

Amen.

HARRIET AUBER, 1829.

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278. PASS ME NOT.

1 Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.
Saviour! Saviour!
Hear my humble cry;
While on others Thou art calling,
Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at Thy throne of mercy
Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition
Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

4 Thou the spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heaven but Thee?

FRANCES VAN ALSTYNE, 1870.

279. REJOICE, THE LORD IS KING.

1 Rejoice, the Lord is King,
Your Lord and King adore;
Rejoice, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

2 Jesus, the Saviour, reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

3 His kingdom cannot fail;
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Are to our Jesus given:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

4 He sits at God's right hand
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to His command,
And fall beneath His feet:
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice;
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1746.

280. RESCUE THE PERISHING.

1 Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o'er the erring ones, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.

2 Though they are slighting Him, still He is waiting,
Waiting the penitent child to receive;
Plead with them earnestly, plead with them gently;
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving hand, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for Thy labour the Lord will provide:
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

281. ROCK OF AGES.

1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the Blood
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Not the labours of my hands,
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to Thy fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

REV. A. M. TOPLADY, 1775.

282. SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

1 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul shall rest.
Hark! 'tis the voice of angels,
Borne in a song to me,
Over the fields of glory,
Over the crystal sea.
Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on His gentle breast,
There by His love o'ershadowed
Sweetly my soul shall rest.

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe from corroding care,
Safe from the world's temptations,
Sin cannot harm me there;
Free from the blight of sorrow,
Free from my doubts and fears,
Only a few more trials,
Only a few more tears.

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,
Jesus has died for me,
Firm on the Rock of ages
Ever my trust shall be.
Here let me wait with patience—
Wait till the night is o'er;
Wait till I see the morning
Break on the golden shore.

FRANCES VAN ALSTYNE, 1870.

283. SAVIOUR, AGAIN TO THY DEAR NAME.

1 Saviour, again to Thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We stand to bless Thee ere our worship cease,
Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

3 Grant us Thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep Thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

4 Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to Thy eternal peace. Amen.

REV JOHN ELLERTON, 1866

284. SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER.

1 Shall we gather at the river
Where bright angel feet have trod,
With its crystal tide for ever
Flowing by the throne of God?

CHORUS.

Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

2 On the margin of the river,
Dashing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever
All the happy, golden day.

3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

285. SHOW ME THE WAY, O LORD.

1 Show me the way, O Lord,
And make it plain;
I would obey Thy word,
Speak yet again;
I will not take one step until I know
Which way it is that Thou would'st have me go.

2 O Lord, I cannot see;
Vouchsafe me light:
The mist bewilders me,
Obscures my sight;
Hold Thou my hand and lead me by
Thy side;
I dare not go alone, be Thou my
Guide.

3 I will be patient, Lord,
Trustful and still;
I will not doubt Thy word;
My hopes fulfil;
How can I perish, clinging to Thy
side;
My Comforter, my Saviour, and my
Guide? Amen.

Tune—*Via Vera*, from D.

JANE E. SAXBY, 1811-1898;

286. SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE.

1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God
supplies,
Through His Eternal Son;

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in His mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God.

4 From strength to strength go on,
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness
down,
And win the well-fought day.

5 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may obtain, through Christ alone,
A crown of joy at last.

6 Jesu, Eternal Son,
We praise Thee and adore,
Who art with God the Father One
And Spirit evermore. Amen.

REV. CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

287. STAND UP FOR JESUS.

1 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the Cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead;
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus;
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict
In this His glorious day:
Ye that are men now serve Him
Against unnumbered foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus;
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armour,
And watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up, for Jesus;
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally. Amen.

REV. GEORGE DUFFIELD, 1858.

288. SUN OF MY SOUL.

1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earthborn cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick, enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.
Amen.

REV. JOHN KEBLE, 1820.

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289. TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

1 Tell me the old, old story,
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and His glory,
Of Jesus and His love.
Tell me the story simply,
As to a little child,
For I am weak and weary,
And helpless and defiled.
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Tell me the old, old story,
Of Jesus and His love.

2 Tell me the story slowly,
That I may take it in,—
That wonderful redemption,
God's remedy for sin.
Tell me the story often,
For I forget so soon;
The early dew of morning
Has passed away at noon.

3 Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones and grave;
Remember I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me the story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
'Christ Jesus makes thee whole.'
Amen.

KATHERINE HANKEY, 1866.

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290. THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION.

1 The Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her Lord;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His Holy Bride;
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

2 Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One Lord, one faith, one birth,
One holy name she blesses,
Partakes one holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

3 Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest:
Yet saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

4 'Mid toil and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

5 Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won;
O happy ones and holy!
Lord, give us grace that we,
Like them, the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

REV. S. J. STONE, 1868.

291. THE DAY THOU GAVEST.

1 The day Thou gavest, Lord, is ended,
The darkness falls at Thy behest;
To Thee our morning hymns ascended,
Thy praise shall sanctify our rest.

2 We thank Thee that Thy Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Through all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day or night.

3 As o'er each continent and island
The dawn leads on another day,
The voice of prayer is never silent,
Nor dies the strain of praise away.

4 The sun that bids us rest is waking
Our brethren 'neath the western sky,
And hour by hour fresh lips are making
Thy wondrous doings heard on high.

5 So be it, Lord; Thy throne shall never,
Like earth's proud empires, pass away;
Thy kingdom stands, and grows forever,
Till all Thy creatures own Thy sway. Amen.

REV. JOHN ELLERTON, 1870.

292. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

1 The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,
He maketh me down to lie
In pleasant fields where the lilies grow
And the river runneth by.

2 The Lord is my shepherd, He feedeth me
In the depth of a desert land,
And lest I should in the darkness slip,
He holdeth me by the hand.

3 The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want,
My mind on Him is stayed,
And though through the valley of death I walk,
I shall not be afraid.

4 The Lord is my shepherd, O Shepherd sweet,
Leave me not here to stray,
But guide me safe to Thy heavenly fold,
And keep me there, I pray. Amen.

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Tune—*Walden*, in D., Bk. of Common Praise, new Can. Presb., Can. Meth., etc.

293. THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD.

1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul He doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own Name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk through death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill;
For Thou are with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me;
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be. Amen.

FRANCIS ROUS, 1650.

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294. THE SANDS OF TIME.

1 The sands of time are sinking,
The dawn of heaven breaks,
The summer morn I've sighed for,
The fair, sweet morn awakes.
Dark, dark hath been the midnight,
But dayspring is at hand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

2 O Christ He is the Fountain,
The deep sweet well of love!
The streams on earth I've tasted
More deep I'll drink above:
There, to an ocean fulness,
His mercy doth expand,
And glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

3 With mercy and with judgment
My web of time He wove;
And aye the dews of sorrow
Were lustred with His love:
I'll bless the hand that guided,
I'll bless the heart that planned,
When throned where glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

4 [redacted] fall asleep in Jesus,
[redacted] filled with His likeness rise
To live and to adore Him,
To see Him with these eyes.
The King of kings in Zion
My presence doth command,
Where glory, glory dwelleth
In Emmanuel's land.

5 I've wrestled on towards heaven,
'Gainst storm and wind and tide;
Lord, grant Thy weary traveller
To lean on Thee as guide,
And 'mid the shades of evening,
While sinks life's lingering sand,
To hail the glory dawning
In Emmanuel's land. Amen.

ANNE ROSS COUSINS, 1857.

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295. THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH.

1 The Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink His cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears His cross below,
He follows in His train.

2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his master in the sky,
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain.
He prayed for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in his train?

3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came:
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,
And mocked the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandished steel,
The lion's gory mane;
They bowed their necks the death to feel:
Who follows in their train?

4 A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid;
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain:
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train. Amen.

BISHOP R. HEBER, 1827.

296. THERE IS A GREEN HILL.

1 There is a green hill far away,
Outside a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.

2 We may not know, we cannot tell
What pains He had to bear,
But we believe it was for us
He hung and suffered there.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by His precious Blood.

4 There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin,
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven, and let us in.

5 O dearly, dearly has He loved,
And we must love Him too,
And trust in His redeeming Blood,
And try His works to do. Amen.

CECIL FRANCES ALEXANDER, 1848.

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297. THERE'S A FRIEND FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

1 There's a Friend for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
A Friend Who never changes,
Whose love will never die;
Our earthly friends may fail us,
And change with changing years,
This Friend is always worthy
Of that dear name He bears.

2 There's a rest for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
Who love the blessèd Saviour,
And to the Father cry:
A rest from every trouble,
From sin and sorrow free,
Where every little pilgrim
Shall rest eternally.

3 There's a home for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
Where Jesus reigns in glory,
A home of peace and joy;
No home on earth is like it,
Nor can with it compare;
For every one is happy,
Nor could be happier there.

4 There's a crown for little children
Above the bright blue sky,
And all who look for Jesus
Shall wear it by and by;
A crown of brightest glory,
Which He will then bestow
On those who found His favour
And loved His name below.

5 There's a song for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
A song that will not weary,
Though sung continually;
A song which even angels
Can never never sing;
They know not Christ as Saviour,
But worship Him as King.

6 There's a robe for little children,
Above the bright blue sky,
And a harp of sweetest music,
And a palm of victory.
All, all above are treasured,
And found in Christ alone;
Lord, grant Thy little children
To know Thee as their own. Amen.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1859.

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298. THOU SOURCE OF BEING.

1 Thou Source of Being, from whose heart
Each mighty star with music [illegible],
Be sacred truth our only chart,
The guiding compass of our souls.
Oh, may we love Thy will to do,
And learn the truth by being true.

2 We thank Thee for the sacred page
By men of faith and wisdom penned;
Thou dost not cease in any age
To us Thy truth inspired to send.

3 Not only would we in our song
But in our lives Thy Name confess.
Whose love is infinite and strong
Whose noblest praise is righteousness.

4 Here may our spirits, grown more wise,
Be lifted earthly cares above;
There would we in communion rise
To visions of celestial love. Amen

Tune—*Joyce*, from D.

DR. A. D. WATSON 1915.

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299. THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE.

1 Throw out the Life-line across the dark wave,
There is a brother whom someone should save;
Somebody's brother! oh, who then will dare
To throw out the Life-line, his peril to share?

CHORUS.

Throw out the Life-line! Throw out the Life-line!
Some one is drifting away;
Throw out the Life-line! Throw out the Life-line!
Some one is sinking to-day.

2 Throw out the Life-line with hand quick and strong;
Why do you tarry, why linger so long?
See! he is sinking; O, hasten to-day.
And out with the Life-boat! away, then, away!

3 Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore;
Haste then, my brother, no time for delay,
But throw out the Life-line and save them to-day.

300. UNTO THE HILLS AROUND.

1 Unto the hills around do I lift up
My longing eyes,
O whence for me shall my salvation come,
From whence arise?
From God the Lord doth come my certain aid,
From God the Lord, who heaven and earth hath made.

2 He will not suffer that thy foot be moved:
Safe shalt thou be.
No careless slumber shall His eyelids close,
Who keepeth thee.
Behold our God, the Lord, He slumbereth ne'er,
Who keepeth Israel in His holy care.

3 Jehovah is Himself thy keeper true,
Thy changeless shade;
Jehovah thy defence on thy right hand
Himself hath made.
And thee no sun by day shall ever smite,
No moon shall harm thee in the silent night.

4 From every evil shall He keep thy soul,
From every sin:
Jehovah shall preserve thy going out,
Thy coming in.
Above thee watching, He whom we adore
Shall keep thee henceforth, yea, for evermore. Amen.

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE, 1877.

301. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness;
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy-laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there. Amen.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN, 1857.

302. WHEN I SURVEY THE WONDROUS CROSS.

1 When I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid, it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.
Amen.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

303. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED.

1 When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

CHORUS.

When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
When the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there.

2 Let me labour for the Master from the dawn till setting sun,
Let me talk of all His wondrous love and care;
Then, when all of life is over, and my work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.

304. WHERE IS MY WANDERING BOY?

1 Where is my wandering boy to-night—
The boy of my tenderest care,
The boy that was once my joy and light,
The child of my love and prayer?

CHORUS.

Oh, where is my boy to-night?
Oh, where is my boy to-night?
My heart overflows, for I love him, knows;
Oh, where is my boy to-night?

2 O, could I see you now, my boy,
As fair as in olden time,
When prattle and smile made home a joy,
And life was a merry chime!

305. WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

1 Who is on the Lord's side?
Who will serve the King?
Who will be His helpers
Other lives to bring?
Who will leave the world's side?
Who will face the foe?
Who is on the Lord's side?
Who for Him will go?

By Thy call of mercy,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

2 Not for weight of glory,
Not for crown and palm,
Enter we the army,
Raise the warrior psalm;
For love that claimeth
Lives for whom He died,
He whom Jesus nameth
Must be on his side.
By Thy love constraining,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

3 Jesus, Thou hast bought us,
Not with gold or gem,
But with Thine own life-blood,
For Thy diadem.
With Thy blessing filling
Each who comes to Thee,
Thou hast made us willing,
Thou hast made us free.
By Thy grand redemption,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine!

4 Fierce may be the conflict,
Strong may be the foe,
But the King's own army
None can overthrow.
Round His standard ranging,
Victory is secure;
For His truth unchanging
Makes the triumph sure.
Joyfully enlisting,
By Thy grace divine,
We are on the Lord's side,
Saviour, we are Thine! Amen.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL, 1877.

306. WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

1 Work, for the night is coming!
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling;
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work while the day grows brighter,
Under the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming!
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill the bright hours with labour;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming!
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, for the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er. Amen.

ANNA L. COGHILL, 1864

307. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

1 Yield not to temptation, for yielding is sin;
Each victory will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward; dark passions subdue;
Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you through.
Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you!
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions; bad language disdain;
God's name hold in reverence, nor take it in vain;
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and true;
Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer, tho' often cast down;
He who is our Saviour our strength will renew;
Look ever to Jesus—He will carry you through.
Amen.

HORATIO R. PALMER, 1868.

COLLECTS, ETC.

Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be alway acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.

O Lord, help me to remember that life is not a goblet to be drained, but is a measure to be filled.

O Lord, from whom all good things do come; grant to us Thy humble servants, that by Thy holy inspiration we may think those things that be good, and by Thy merciful guiding may perform the same; through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

O God, forasmuch as without Thee we are not able to please Thee; mercifully grant that Thy Holy Spirit may in all things direct and rule our hearts; through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Almighty and most merciful Father; we have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against Thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare Thou them, O God, who confess their faults. Restore Thou them that are penitent; according to Thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu, our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for His sake; that we may hereafter live a godly, righteous and sober life, to the glory of Thy Holy Name. Amen.

A PRAYER BY LORD ROBERTS.

Almighty Father, I have often sinned against Thee. Oh, wash me in the precious blood of the Lamb of God. Fill me with Thy Holy Spirit that I may lead a new life. Spare me to see again those whom I love at home, or fit me for Thy presence in peace. Strengthen us to quit ourselves like men in our right and just cause. Keep us faithful unto death, calm in danger, patient in suffering, merciful as well as brave; true to our King, our Country and Colours. If it be Thy will, enable us to win victory; but, above all, grant us a better victory over temptation and sin, over life and death, that we may be more than conquerors, through Him who loved us and laid down His life for us, Jesus our Saviour, the Captain of the Army of God. Amen.

A SOLDIER'S PRAYER.

Almighty and everlasting God, by whose grace Thy servants are enabled to fight the good fight of faith and ever prove victorious: We humbly beseech Thee so to inspire us, that we may yield our hearts to Thine obedience and exercise our wills on Thy behalf. Help us to think wisely: to speak rightly: to resolve bravely: to act kindly: to live purely. Bless us in body and in soul, and make us a blessing to our comrades. Whether at home or abroad may we ever seek the extension of Thy Kingdom. Let the assurance of Thy presence save us from sinning; support us in life, and comfort us in death. O Lord our God, accept this prayer, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.—Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain General of His Majesty's Forces.

In the morning repeat some verses from No. 262; in the evening, from 241.

LORD KITCHENER'S ADVICE.

The True Character of a British Soldier.

The following instructions have been issued by Lord Kitchener to every soldier in the Expeditionary Army, to be kept in his Active Service Pay Book:—

You are ordered abroad as a soldier of the King to help our French comrades against the invasion of a common enemy. You have to perform a task which will need your courage, your energy, your patience. Remember that the honour of the British Army depends on your individual conduct.

It will be your duty not only to set an example of discipline and perfect steadiness under fire, but also to maintain the most friendly relations with those whom you are helping in this struggle. The operations in which you are engaged will, for the most part, take place in a friendly country, and you can do your own country no better service than in showing yourself in France and Belgium in the true character of a British Soldier.

Be invariably courteous, considerate, and kind. Never do anything likely to injure or destroy property, and always look upon looting as a disgraceful act. You are sure to meet with a welcome [illegible] to be trusted; your conduct must justify that welcome and [illegible]t trust.

Your duty cannot be done unless your health is sound. So keep constantly on your guard against any excesses. In this new experience you may find temptations both in wine and women. You must entirely resist both temptations, and, while treating all women with perfect courtesy, you should avoid any intimacy.

Do your duty bravely,
Fear God,
Honour the King.

KITCHENER,
Field-Marshal.

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90 My name it is O'Hoolihan.
87 My old Kentucky home.

28 Nellie Gray.

88 O Canada (French).
89 and 192 O Canada (English).
68 O Carillon.
31 O dearest Mae.
14 O don't you remember sweet Alice.
120 O Genevieve.
2 O give me a home.
155 O see dat watermelon.
130 O where, O where is my
90 O'Hoolihan.
91 Oft in the stilly night.
92 Old Black Joe.
93 Old folks at home.
94 Old Grimes.
142 Old oaken bucket, The
143 Old red cradle, The
196 Old Toronto, mother ever dear.
95 Old uncle Ned.
96 One more ribber to cross.
218 Only a little box of soldiers.
219 Our own Canadian boys.
97 Over the banister.

98 Peanut song.
99 Peter Gray.
144 Pipe, The
145 Poachers of Lincolnshire, The
100 Polly, wolly doodle.
92 Poor old Joe.
204 Powder monkey, The
193 Put on your old grey bonnet.

109 Quilting party.

243 Recessional, The
20 Red, white and blue.
146 Roast beef of old England.
101 Robin Adair.
102 Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
223 Roll call, The
103 Rosalie.
104 Row your boat.
105 Rule Britannia.
106 Russian national anthem.

107 Sailing, sailing.
108 Scots wha hae.
109 Seeing Nellie home.
110 Serenade.
194 Ship ahoy.
111 Silver threads among the gold.
190 Sleep, Kentucky babe.
112 So early in the morning.
113 Soldier's farewell.
205 Soldiers of the king, The
114 Solomon Levi.
115 Some day I'll wander.
116 Son of a gambolier.
147 Spanish cavalier, The
148 Spanish guitar, The
149 Star-spangled banner, The
117 Stars of the summer night.
118 Stars trembling o'er us.
195 Stein song.
119 Sur mon père.
93 Swanee river.
14 Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt.
121 Sweet and low.
12 Sweet Belle Mahone.
184 Sweet dreamland faces.
23 Sweet Ellie Rhee.
29 Sweet Evelina.
120 Sweet Genevieve.

143 Take me back to the days.
150 Tarpaulin jacket, The
73 Tell me the tales that to me
122 Ten little niggers.
123 Tenting on the old camp ground.
96 The animals went in one by one.
196 The blue and white.
124 The bluebells of Scotland.
220 The best old flag on earth.
125 The bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.
126 The boots.
197 The boys of England.
127 The British Grenadiers.
128 The bull dog.
221 The call of the motherland.
222 The call to arms.
129 The Campbells are coming.
130 The Dutchman's dog.
126 The festal day has come.
198 The flag that never comes down.
131 The girl I left behind me.
132 The harp that once.
133 The heart bowed down.
199 The high cost of loving.
43 The hunter's life.
200 The land of the maple.

134 The landlady's daughter.
201 The last rose of summer.
135 The lone fishball.
136 The low-backed car.
137 The Maid from Algoma.
18 The Maid of Dundee.
138 The maple leaf.
139 The Marseillaise.
202 The men of the north.
N[illegible]he mermaid.
20[illegible]he mermaid.
141 The minstrel boy.
93 The old folks at home.
142 The old oaken bucket.
143 The old red cradle.
144 The pipe.
145 The poachers of Lincolnshire.
204 The powder monkey.
243 The Recessional.
20 The red, white and blue.
146 The roast beef of old England.
223 The roll call.
205 The soldiers of the king.
147 The Spanish cavalier.
148 The Spanish guitar.
149 The star-spangled banner.
150 The tarpaulin jacket.
151 The three crows.
152 The tight little island.
153 The tramp's song.
154 The vicar of Bray.
155 The watermelon.
156 Then you'll remember me.
157 There is a tavern.
95 There was an old nigger.
30 There's a dear little plant.
206 There's a little spark of love.
15[illegible]ose evening bells.
15[illegible]hree blind mice.
151 Three crows, The
43 Through wood and forest.
152 Tight little island, The
160 To the north.
161 To the north, to the land of pine.
162 Tom Bowling.
207 Toronto.
163 Trabling back to Georgia.
164 Tramp, tramp, tramp.
153 Tramp's song, The
165 True love.
140 'Twas Friday morn.

166 Un Canadien errant (French)
167 Un Canadien errant (English).
168 Upidee.

154 Vicar of Bray, The
169 Vive la Canadienne.
170 Vive la compagnie.

171 Wait for the wagon.
155 Watermelon, The
153 'Way down in yonder.
172 'Way up on the mountain.
160 We care not if the world.
173 We'd better bide a wee.
174 Well may the keel row.
208 We'll never let the old flag fall.
209 When I get you alone.
148 When I was a student.
175 When Johnny comes marching.
156 When other lips.
224 When the baby lions come.
225 When the cry from Belgium.
210 When the lights are low.
223 When the roll is called.
210 When twilight falls.
176 When you and I were young.
211 When you wore a tulip.
137 Where are you going.
17 Where ha'e ye been a' the day.
177 Who killed Cock Robin.
178 Who's the best man.
179 Who's that calling.
180 Will you no come back again.
51 Winking my eye.

15 Ye banks and braes.
212 You're here and I'm here.

HYMNS.

These are printed alphabetically, beginning at No. 226.

O Almighty Lord God, the Father and Protector of all that trust in Thee: We commend to Thy Fatherly goodness the men who through perils of war are serving this nation; beseeching Thee to take into Thine own hand both them and the cause wherein their King and country send them. Be Thou their strength when they are set in the midst of so many and great dangers. Make all bold through death or life to put their trust in Thee, who art the only giver of victory, and canst save by many or by few; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,
That I may love what Thou dost love,
And do what Thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure!
Until my will is one with Thine
To do and to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly Thine;
Until this earthly part of me
Glows with Thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with Thee the perfect life
Of Thine eternity. Amen.

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